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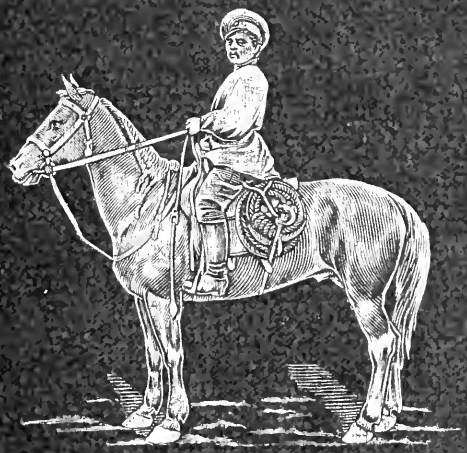

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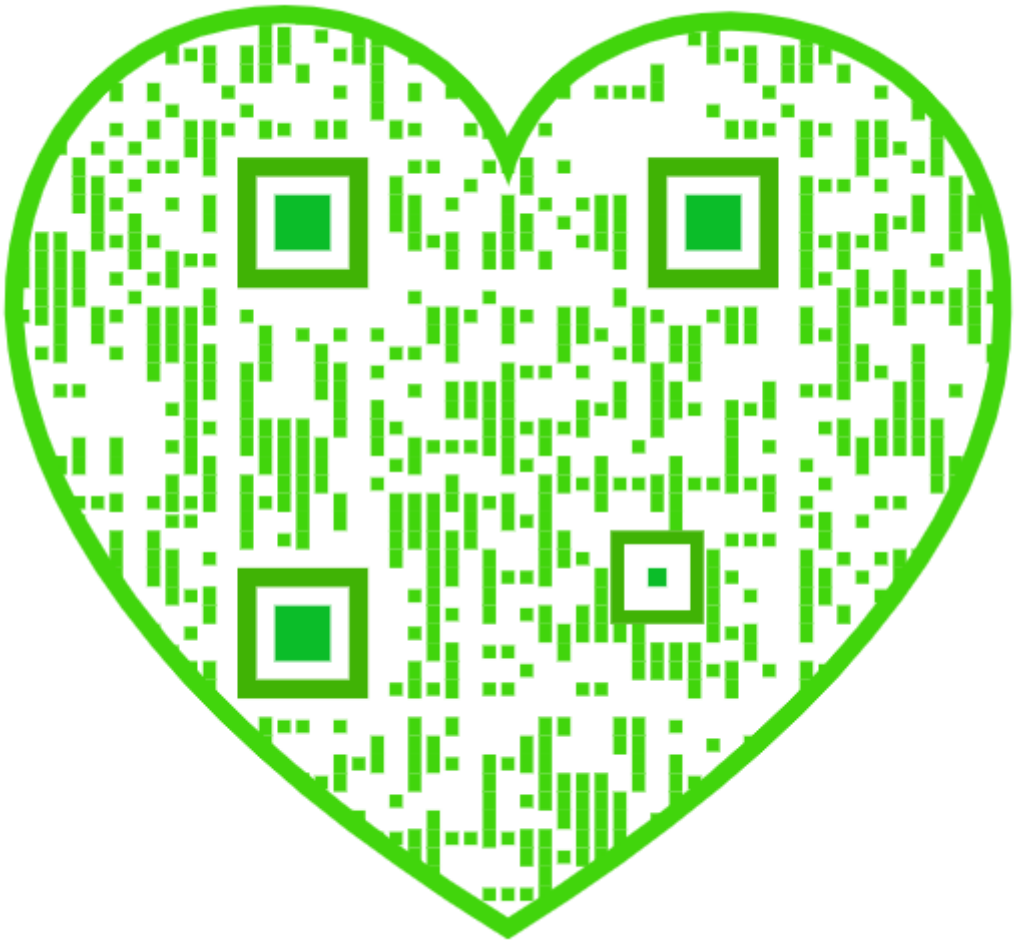

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ON GUARD.

AMONG HORSES IN RUSSIA

BY

M. H. HAYES, F.R.C.V.S.

LATE CAPTAIN "THE BUFFS"

AUTHOR OF "POINTS OF THE HORSE" ETC.

WITH FIFTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN CHIEFLY BY THE AUTHOR

LONDON:

R. A. EVERETT & CO.

42 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1900

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MORRISON AND GIBB LIMITED,
EDINBURGH

PREFACE

DURING the last two and a half years, I have seen so many new and interesting phases of horse and military life in Russia, that I thought an account of them would interest general readers, as well as those who are acquainted with my more or less technical books on matters connected with horses. As I am the first foreigner who has been permitted to visit the Remount Depôts of the Russian Cavalry Reserve, I venture to hope that my experiences are worth telling.

I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking the Generals Commanding and officers of Liski, Tambof, Kirsanof, Borisoglebsk, and Balakleya for the kind hospitality they showed me while I was staying with them.

YEW TREE HOUSE, CRICK, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
1st December 1899.

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AMONG HORSES IN RUSSIA

INTRODUCTION

Old Days abroad—Leicestershire—Farmers—Polish Jews—Hunting People—Captain Williams—Lord Lonsdale—Colonel Forester—No Bread—Riding to Hounds—Mr. Sam Hames—Mr. Harry Goodall—Veterinary Surgeons—Writing Books—Mr. Frank Ward.

IN *Indian Racing Reminiscences* I told the story of the sport I had for fourteen years in India, racing, chasing, and training, while I was in The Gunners, Bengal Staff Corps, and finally in The Buffs. Regimental life, even with the best of comrades, and India with unlimited leave to go to race meetings, shooting excursions and the Hills, at last produced on me the effect which the eternal partridge had on Louis Quatorze's clerical friend. Having commenced to write books about horses, and having put in a couple of years' study at the New Veterinary College when on leave from India, I became fired with the ambition of taking out my diploma and qualifying in time as an authority on the subject which the generality of us Irishmen like best, so I left the army in 1879. I stayed five years in England, brought out more books, saw a good deal of racing at Newmarket, and then, anxious to gain a wider experience of horses and to pay "ex's," I travelled through India, Ceylon, China, South Africa, Egypt and elsewhere, holding classes for instruction in horse-breaking and giving horse-

breaking shows, the success of which was greatly enhanced by the skilful and plucky manner my wife rode all the bad animals. At this work I had a most enjoyable time, especially with English officers, racing men, planters and Boers, all of whom were keen about horses, and greatly appreciated the theory and practice I taught them. I probably learned as much or more from my pupils than they did from me; for I had the advantage of a continued course of instruction from new relays of experienced men and artful horses for four or five years. Even the cleverest of us should remember the French saying that a man may know more than anyone, but not more than everyone. My books helped my breaking by introducing me to lovers of horses, and my breaking aided my books by adding to my information. We stayed three years in Calcutta, where I ran a sporting paper, trained and dealt. Though we paid our way and made friends, I felt that I was acting the part of a bad father to those children of my brain, my books, by bringing them up more or less as provincials, and neglecting to confer on them an English polish. About this time my wife and I got in a severe form our periodical attack of *trek* fever, so we sold *Hayes' Sporting News*, came home, and settled down for the time being at Melton Mowbray, so as to get into touch with the best form of hunting in the old country. While we were there, I wrote *Among Men and Horses*, which told the tale of our wanderings, and which is now out of print.

Having spent the money we had made abroad, we happened to be hard up at that time, much to the astonishment of our friends, who wrongly thought that the success of our books would have enabled us to have hunted comfortably on the best of horses six days a week during the season. Probably my lack of business capacity was the cause of our inability to do so; for we backed no horses, ran up no tailors' bills, and chucked about money in no other

foolish manner. As we *had* to hunt, and hated getting into debt, we risked our necks for two seasons mostly on green and spoiled horses, from the backs of which, as long as they kept going and stood up, we saw that there is only one sport in the world, and that is hunting in Leicestershire. The hunting people always seemed glad to see us out, and we had many a pleasant look and friendly word in passing. Whenever my wife got crumpled up by the innocent young one or hardened reprobate she was riding, chancing a "cut and laid" or stiff posts and rails, ladies of the hunt always sent to inquire how she was getting on. If we ever happen to amass a few thousand pounds, we'll return to Melton. I only hope that we'll then have such good masters and huntsmen as Lord Lonsdale and Tom Firr of the Quorn, Lord Edward Manners and Frank Gillard of the Belvoir, and Mr. "Willie" Baird and Gillson of the Cottesmore. As a master of a largely attended and very hard riding hunt, Lord Lonsdale was unapproachable; for he was not only the finest and best mounted welter weight in England, but he also had the faculty of enforcing the strictest discipline, even in a record Kirby Gate field. Without discipline, fox-hunting is skittles of the vilest kind. By hunting discipline I mean such obedience that the master, aided by his hunt servants, can marshal in close array every man and lady of a field of five or six hundred in a corner of a field or in a lane, like that outside Cream Gorse, while the pack is drawing an adjacent cover, and that no one will dare to move before the signal is given by the horn of the huntsman, and before the master has got off first, and then the "thrusters" may catch him if they can. Of course, unless a master is, like Lord Lonsdale, capable of taking a lead and keeping it, the field, on receiving the metaphorical drop of the flag from the huntsman, can't be expected to accord precedence to mere official position. The huntsman, as we all know, is the

only person who can tell when the hounds have got sufficiently clear of the field. In Leicestershire, thank goodness, there is no such thing as riding to holloas, whatever they may do in the provinces. I'd be sorry for the man who would have committed the impertinence of attempting to start a Quorn field by a holloa in the presence of Lord Lonsdale! If the hand of his Lordship resembled the "mailed fist" of his friend the German Emperor, that of Mr. Baird was like unto *la main de fer dans un gant de velours* of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, who ably rules her people almost without their being conscious of the beneficent guidance. A stranger might often hunt with the Cottesmore and not know who was the master, and yet there is no better disciplined hunt. The Melton people were greatly indebted to the Duke of Rutland, who hunted the Belvoir at his own expense, and did immense service in his country to hunting by keeping the farmers friendly, and by arranging with his tenants to put up no wire, to walk puppies, and to encourage the sport in other ways. He had a worthy successor in his son, Lord Edward Manners, who was often ably helped in his field duties by his brother, Lord Cecil, who generally rode uncommonly big jumping horses. The Belvoir met every Wednesday at Croxton Park, which is seven miles from Melton; and frequently on other days at places within easy reach, such as Melton Spinney, Piper Hole Farm, and Hose. All three masters were very popular among the farmers, without whose friendly co-operation good hunting is impossible.

For permission to ride over their fields and for taking down wire for the season, Leicestershire farmers receive much profit from the influx of visitors. Of this, the hay, corn and straw bills form the most obvious but by no means the most considerable item; although old oats at twenty-six shillings a quarter show a state of agricultural prosperity that would be unattainable without hunting. It is true that the hundreds

of horses brought every year to Melton get through, or get put down to them, an average of from twelve to fifteen shillings a week for forage and bedding; but the meat, milk, butter, cream, cheese, poultry, vegetables, and other farm-produce consumed by the visitors and their hosts of servants make a far larger total. Butchers' bills of from £20 to £30 a week for a hunting family, without counting the outdoor servants, help to raise the price of beasts and sheep, to say nothing of the other weekly accounts. As a man who loves hunting, even though, worse luck, he cannot always enjoy it, I plead for reciprocation and tolerance. The farmers say that some of the hunting people (not many I should think) send to "The Stores"; yet I have seen farmers who supplied local butchers, buy New Zealand and American meat for their eating, instead of patronising their own customers. The fact however remains that hunting people and farmers are mutually useful to each other; although, unfortunately, some of both classes like to take all they can get without giving anything in return. We all know and, I hope, detest the hunting loafer who breaks down fences and gallops over winter wheat and clover root without subscribing to even the covert or poultry fund. And then there's the farmer who keeps up barbed wire, while benefiting by a sport he helps to destroy. The conduct of both is equally contemptible, and reminds me of the story of a community of Polish Jews who met together in order to decide on the form of a testimonial which they wished to present to their village Head Man, who had been very good to them. After various proposals, they settled that it should be a barrel of wine. While discussing the question of the best wine merchant from whom they could obtain it, one of the assembly suggested that as the majority of them were wine-growers, the most economical plan would be for each of them to bring a bottle of wine and pour it into a barrel which they would collectively purchase. This being

agreed upon, they again met, and each Hebrew emptied the contents of his flask into the allotted receptacle. It happened that the proposer of the one man one bottle arrangement had made that suggestion purely from motives of personal thrift, and accordingly, having provided himself with a black bottle full of water, he decanted the fluid into the barrel, when his turn came round, with the proud feeling that he had saved his pocket without anyone being the wiser, not even his benefactor, the Head Man, who could not possibly be expected to tell that the wine had undergone such an infinitesimal dilution. After the barrel had with due ceremony been presented to his Worship, that gentleman drew a glass to toast his kind friends, when lo and behold! as he put the compound to his lips, he found that it was unadulterated water without a drop of wine in the entire barrel! Thank goodness, neither English farmers nor English hunting people are Polish Jews.

The followers of the chase at Melton are mostly birds of passage, among whom there are some fine horsemen. Many however come, not for the sport which the surrounding country affords, but because they regard hunting from the metropolis as a fashionable function. It was no doubt one of this class who, when out one day, on being told that his horse was lame, and finding that it was going in rather a "dotty" manner, got off and led it ten or twelve miles home. When the groom took the horse over, he of course lifted up the lame foot, from which he extracted, much to the astonishment and chagrin of his master, a stone that had evidently been the unsuspected cause of the lameness.

I don't want to draw any comparisons with other places, especially those of which I have had no personal experience; but I have nothing except praise for the first flight hunters and first flight ladies and men of Melton. Mr. "Buck" Barclay had a particularly strong stable, which was in the able

charge of Martin, and which contained, among many others, those good horses Lord Arthur, probably the best hunter that has ever crossed Leicestershire; the handsome grey Franciscan on whom Mr. Arthur Coventry often had a mount when he came to stay at Sysonby Lodge; the faultless Goldfinder, who was Mrs. Barclay's favourite; and staunch old Freeman, who carried his owner brilliantly for fourteen seasons. Harry Green, the old steeplechase rider, looked after Count Zabrowsky's string, the best of which was probably Billet Doux. Mr. and Miss Muir, both of whom went well, had several nice horses. Miss Naylor, Prince Henry of Pless, Colonel Forester, Mr. Gordon Wood, Baron M. de Tuyll, Mr. de Winton, Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. Younger, Mr. Guy Fenwick, Mr. Laycock, Mr. Prior, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Baldock, and others had well filled stables of high-class animals. My wife and I greatly admired the capable manner in which Lady Augusta Fane rode over a difficult country on not always the best of mounts. The fine riding of Lady Gerard and Mrs. Bunbury (now Baroness M. de Tuyll) is well known to everyone. Mrs. Lawson always rode straight, and appeared to thoroughly enjoy the sport; yet, strange to say, I never heard her name mentioned as a hard riding lady; because, I suppose, she made no fuss about crossing a difficult country. The world and his wife, to save themselves the trouble of thinking, generally take people by advertisement. Mr. and Mrs. Hornsby, who have since left Stapleford Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Brocklehurst, were extremely popular members of the hunt. Before Mrs. Asquith married, she was a frequent visitor to the Melton country, and never went out of her way to find an easy place. I remember one afternoon in May while riding with my wife for exercise from Melton towards Burton, meeting the farmer through whose fields we were going. This good supporter of hunting at that moment was dolefully regarding a newly

patched gap in a high posts and rails close to a gate through which we were about to pass. After the usual friendly salutations, my wife asked him in a tone of concern: "What's the matter?" "Just look at that!" said he. "They break down my fences and say nothing. It's positively sinful!" "I remember well when these posts and rails got broken," replied my wife. "Miss Tennant raced at the stiff timber at the side of the gate through which the rest of us were passing. Her horse struck the fence, turned over, and she got a terrible fall and broke her collar-bone. I was awfully sorry." "Ah! Mrs. Hayes," joined in our friend sympathetically, "you have a kind heart for farmers, and you would be still more sorry if you only knew how much it cost me to get that gap repaired."

I had an old friend in Captain Williams (Fig. 1), late of the 8th Hussars. When we were stationed at Meerut together twenty years ago, he owned that staunch old chaser Hector, against whom I ran, with varying success, a horse I was training called Substitute. At that time Captain Williams was a bold and cool-headed steeplechase rider, but in Leicestershire he did not try to set the pace; although, when required, he was always ready to negotiate a big fence if mounted on his skewbald Joseph, who was a beautifully shaped hunter, and as clever as a cat, though musical. I often saw Custance out: generally with the Cottesmore, as he lived at Oakham. He was certainly one of the finest jockeys we ever had in England, and the men against whom he rode, George Fordham, Johnnie Osborne, and Tom Cannon for instance, were uncommonly bad to beat. When he had that fine chaser and extraordinary clever hunter, the Doctor, he was as good over Leicestershire as he had been on the flat; and more can't be said.

Lord Lonsdale almost always rode chestnut horses, the

rare exceptions being generally greys. He had a special fondness for hogged manes and charger tails among his red weight carriers. He hunted in the most princely manner. I believe his railway bill for special trains for himself, hounds, horses and hunt servants was fully a thousand a month. It is said that on one occasion a dealer sent for his inspection ten long-tailed chestnut hunters. Seeing that the machine had not been run over their crests, he gave orders that all their manes should be hogged. That

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 1.—Captain Williams and Joseph.

operation having been accomplished, he looked them over, and rejected the lot! The dealer, on receiving them back in their shorn condition, was fit to be tied, as we say in Ireland; but a prompt and liberal cheque speedily set matters right. Tom Firr was a marvellous man to get over a country; big or little it did not matter to him, especially on Whitelegs. Captain "Doggie" Smith had undoubtedly the greatest name in Leicestershire as a brilliant rider to hounds; but unfortunately, I did not see him often, as he was somewhat

before my time. The man whose riding I admired most of all was the late Colonel Forester. Although he was old and nearly blind, he never minded what he faced. The story is told that one day a friend of his, who had seen him going over the most appallingly big and stiff fences as if they had been mere ridge and furrow, remonstrated with him after the run about his rashness. "I know nothing about the matter," replied the colonel laughing. "The

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 2.—Thorpe Sachville Beagles.

fact is, I lost my glasses at the start, so I let my horse take his own line." I believe that Colonel Forester, who was known among his intimate friends as "The Lad," was the original of Whyte Melville's "The Honourable Crasher," whom we all have had the pleasure of meeting in the delightful pages of *Market Harborough*.

On off-days we had many a pleasant trot on foot after the Thorpe Sachville beagles (Fig. 2), which were hunted

by Mr. Otho Paget, who is "Q" of *The Field*, and Mr. Chaplin. They are both keen sportsmen and good riders. When hard frost set in, the hunting people used to keep themselves in condition by skating on the large pond which is on the right hand side of the Leicester Road, just outside Melton (Fig. 3). An American visitor (Fig. 4) often delighted us by his skill at figure skating.

Melton Mowbray is as famous for her pork pies as for her hunting. I used to eat commercial pork pies,

Photo by [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 3.—Skating at Melton.

until one day when I was living in Leicestershire, I went down to a knacker's yard to perform a *post-mortem* examination on a dead horse. On casually asking the horse-slaughterer if he sent the cat's-meat up to London, he pointed to a large cauldron which contained a boiling decoction somewhat resembling soup, and replied that he used up all the stuff for "swill." "Who drinks the swill?" I demanded with a shudder. "The pigs, of course," was the answer, which spoiled my appetite for any further acquaint-

ance with these animals. I learn from inquiries into the matter, that knackers as a rule, keep piggeries of their own. A principal of a veterinary college once told me that an exclusive diet of dead horse does not enhance the food value of pork, bacon and ham; for when he used to feed his pigs on the remains obtained in the college dissecting-room, the people who bought his corpulent swine, frequently complained that the fat of the animals all turned into grease during the process of cooking. Pigs fed on butter-milk, potatoes, and other vegetables are quite good enough for me.

About this time, when I was on a visit to Mr. Tom Mitchell, the well-known owner, breeder, judge, and possessor of the incomparable hackney champion, Ganymede (Fig. 5), I had the pleasure and good fortune to meet Dr. Rabagliati, author of *Air, Food, and Exercise.* While we were having a stroll, he saw that I was lame, I forget on which foot, and remarked that I was rheumatic. I replied in the negative; but he insisted that he was right, and pointing to the foot upon which I was going short, asked: "What about that?" I said that my lameness was probably due to a fall I recently had when schooling a horse. "But," he persisted, "you look rheumatic; you are out of condition; and you are getting fat." The statement was horrible, brutal, but absolutely true. I took the verbal punishment meekly, and sorrowfully answered: "Doctor, you are right about the fat, and worse than all, I am losing my nerve; but I don't think I am rheumatic." The only reply he made to this, was to take me by the arm and to press the points of his fingers, not with any undue force, on various parts of my back and neck. The pressure was as painful as it was convincing, so I cried out that I was mistaken, and would do anything he would tell me. "You are troubled with indigestion," he remarked. I assented. "You eat

bread and potatoes." I admitted my fondness for these articles of food. "Renounce them and all other forms of starch, which you must replace by fruit and green vegetables, and you will lose your rheumatism, your indigestion, your funk, and your corporation in a very short time." I gratefully thanked him, acted upon his advice, got rid of the ailments that had made my life a burden, and have kept

Photo by] FIG. 4.—An Off-day. *[M. H. H.*

fit and well for the last six years, thanks to Dr. Rabagliati. Having gone through a good deal of mental and physical training in my life, self-denial as regards food and drink, short of starvation and thirst, does not come hard on me, so I can take no credit for keeping on the muzzle with respect to starch. Yet I have met lots of people who prefer to remain rheumatic, obese, dyspeptic, nervous, and a nuisance to themselves, if not to other people, than to

give up eating bread and potatoes. "What do you have with your bacon and eggs for breakfast?" I have often been asked. "Apples, pears, strawberries, tomatoes, salad, or any other green stuff that comes handy," is a true reply that generally excites the crippled and chronic invalid to say that sooner than lose his bit of bread or toast, he'd keep the "rheumatics," of which I wish him all the pleasure he can extract from them. I know my pathology sufficiently to be aware that the ailments in question, being set up by causes which are by no means uniform, cannot in all cases be successfully treated in a routine manner. The fact however remains that there are a large number of middle-aged and old persons who have difficulty in digesting starch, and who consequently get dyspepsia and from it rheumatism by eating a greater or less quantity of bread and potatoes. I happened to come under that category, and therefore profited by Dr. Rabagliati's favourite prescription. For such people, that gentleman (see his admirable book) justly regards bread as the staff of death. Banting's system also enjoined abstinence from starch, but it failed in not recommending a full supply of fruit and green vegetables, and in counselling too great dependence on meat. As a complete investigation into this subject is not within the compass of this book, I beg to refer my readers for further information to their family doctor, who will no doubt tell them all about the evils of an excess of uric acid caused by an ill-chosen diet.

Much as we may admire the people who can ride in the van through a fast Leicestershire run, we cannot ignore the fact that it is impossible to accomplish this feat without money or money's worth (first-class horses or credit), no matter how big may be one's heart, how fine one's hands, how strong one's seat, or how matured one's judgment. On a crock of sorts, like many I have steered, one may, if one

knows how to play the game, maintain a respectable position in the second flight, which occupies itself principally in drawing conclusions as to its future conduct from the manner the brilliant skirmishers in front negotiate the obstacles between them and the hounds. To me, the two great charms of hunting in Leicestershire are its freedom of action and its absence of unavoidable road-tramping. In that country, if we do not feel in the humour to risk our bones over leps, for

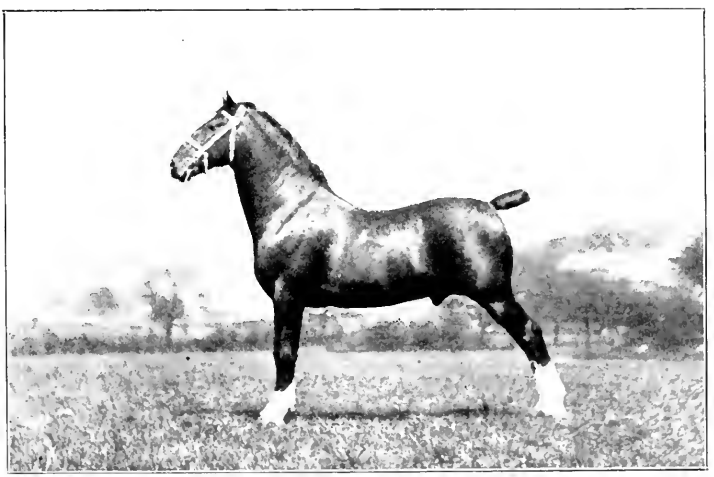

Photo by [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 5.—Mr. Tom Mitchell's Ganymede.

reasons best known to ourselves, we can ride to points and enjoy a tittup on the grass without having to cross a single fence, thanks to the large number of bridle-paths and the fact that almost every gate in Leicestershire will readily open. It is therefore no case, as in many other places, of riding straight, hammering along the roads, or going home; and yet every run in Leicestershire is accompanied by a vast cavalcade of Macadamisers, whose want of pluck is only equalled by their ignorance of hunting. The practice of riding to

points through gates and bridle-paths should not, on account of its supposed immunity from danger, be altogether despised, because even that form of amusement is not quite safe. A hardy annual who counted his Kirby Gates by scores, broke, during his last season at Melton, a collar-bone and three ribs by his horse crossing its legs and coming down when cantering over ridge and furrow. I remember that fine horseman, Mr. Dick Barry of Carrigtwohill, near Cork, falling with his great mare Bounceaway on the flat in the run home of a steeplechase at Punchestown, when he was winning in a common canter. The Emir Abdool Kadir truly said that the man who mounts a horse puts one foot in the grave, by which alone Paradise is reached.

The country about Melton, particularly on the Great Dalby side, is big and stiff, and to cross it a man who is determined to be with them will need a horse that can gallop, stay, and spread himself out over his fences as well as clear them. If the aspirant to first flight honours has not the wherewithal in his stable, I don't think he can do better than go to my friend Mr. Sam Hames of Leicester, from whom I have bought, from time to time, several hunters—all of them good ones. He does an immense business in that class of animal and probably gets through an average of more than five hundred yearly; yet I would not be surprised to learn that he has a larger turn-over from hirelings than from horses sold. I knew a case of one gentleman hiring from him ten hunters, all of the high-class weight-carrying stamp, each at thirty guineas monthly, making a total of three hundred guineas a month, without counting stable bills and stable rent. If a man does not know much about horses, it is far cheaper for him to hire than to buy, especially as he can change the hireling if it does not suit him or if it goes wrong. A fairly good hunter may be hired from a small man in Leicestershire for £20 a month; but if it fails to fulfil its

obligations, the owner will rarely be able to replace it satisfactorily.

The good manners of Mr. Hames' hunters are surpassed only by his own. They may contradict you; but he, never. He always agrees with me, and thereby increases the high opinion I have for his judgment. If I remark, when he orders a horse to be pulled out for my inspection, that the animal's head is a bit plain, he replies: "You are quite right; but he carries it so well, that it looks downright handsome when he is mounted." On my hinting that the shoulders of the proposed conveyance are somewhat thick, Mr. Hames at once grants that from the ground they appear to have a suspicion of coarseness, but that if I get into the saddle and send the animal along, I will find he uses them to perfection. The good opinion I possess of the excellence of my "hands" (where is the riding man that is not infected with the same delusion?) has been greatly increased since I began to buy horses from Mr. Hames. I once wrote to him saying that my wife and I were going over to see him, as I wanted to try a hack which he had written to me about, and which I required for a foreign customer who has a weakness for *la haute école*. Mr. Hames sent a trap to the station to meet us, with a note inviting us to his house to have lunch, and regretting that he could not join us, as he had some work which would keep him engaged for an hour or so. As ladies have proverbially no palate, I did not particularly notice what my wife took, but I did myself pretty well on a bottle of Haut Sauterne, some old Port, and a fair share of a specially fine brand of green Curaçoa. Having driven down to the stables, I mounted the hack and jogged off to the field, to which our entertainer and my wife had preceded me in a trap. Instead of pulling the animal about and making it give a bad show, I foolishly "cocked my dock," and put in a lot of nice work in getting the mare to change her leg, and

do the figure of 8 and other *airs de manège* with which I intended to capture my Continental client. All this time Mr. Hames was so earnestly engaged in conversation with my wife, that he evidently forgot the very existence of the mare—in fact, he must have confused her in his mind with some higher-priced animal—for he asked me £30 more for her than I thought he had previously wanted. I was, however, so conceited with my own riding, especially as Mr. Hames had often expressed his admiration of it in my hearing, that I readily agreed to the price, which subsequently turned out to be less than the actual value of the mare. That deal being over, Mr. Hames pointed out to me another gee which he said he would sell me worth the money, because it would *not* lep. "Let *me* try?" I shouted, chockfull of jumping powder and desire to show off. After I had raced the supposed reluctant one over the not very formidable obstacles, and brought her up to the pair of admiring spectators, Mr. Hames, turning to my wife, exclaimed with delight: "What an artful, Irish way your husband has with horses. Yesterday, there were a dozen of us here trying to make her jump, and though we gave her 'toko,' she wouldn't look at a fence, and now see the way he has put the 'come-hether' on her!" Of course I bought that mare, which turned out well with some careful schooling. What I particularly like about Mr. Hames is his willingness to take back any horse which I have bought from him and which I subsequently find does not suit me—an alternative I have not had occasion to avail myself of up to the present.

Some people are so little accustomed to the receipt of civility unmixed with guile, that even Mr. Hames cannot always inspire them with confidence. A rich gentleman whom I heard of, on being asked by an acquaintance to come up with him to Mr. Hames' stables, exclaimed: "I would not go there for a hundred pounds; for Sam Hames is

so pleasant and nice, that if I began to talk to him, I'd be certain to buy a horse or two, whether I wanted them or not." "Has he ever stuck you with a wrong one?" asked his companion. "On the contrary," replied the timid one, "the only time I had a deal with him, he sold me at a moderate price the best animal I have ever owned. But I felt the influence of his charming manners so strong on me, that when I got outside the gate, I could not help wondering that he had not made me buy every horse in his stable! Since then, I have vowed never to go near the place myself; but when I want a horse, I send to him some unimpressionable friend to execute my commission."

When we went to Melton, I had a notion of supplementing our slender income by veterinary practice. That field, unfortunately for us, was then fully occupied by Mr. Harry Goodall, who was not only an excellent practitioner, but was also a good horseman and a very pleasant companion. He often dropped in to have a chat with us, and if he had anything to drink, it usually took the form of a cup of tea, as he was particularly abstemious. The first time we had the pleasure of giving him that innocent beverage, the conversation turned on the town people. We asked if he saw much of them? "This cup of tea which I have in my hand," he replied, "is the first refreshment I have received without a formal invitation in Melton for the thirty years I have been here." He could not have described in a better way the stiffness and gloom of lower middle class English society. No wonder that husbands seek refuge in the tap-room of the nearest public-house, where they can meet their friends without ceremony. The social ambition and the self-consciousness of the ladies make them regard the most casual visit as a full-dress parade, which is uncomfortable to both hosts and guests. We meet the same thing among the same class

of English people in other parts of the world. In India, on the contrary, informal *choti haziri*, the ladies' room at the club, and the assembling of everyone at band-stand or Mall in the evening, are pleasures known only to a better grade of Britisher.

Mr. Goodall, who was the son of the famous Belvoir huntsman, worked like a slave in attending his equine patients, had the confidence and custom of every horseowner within reach, lived economically, rarely gave himself a holiday, and died comparatively poor; because he did not set a sufficient value on his services, refrained from dunning his customers, and would not make unjust charges. In England, horsey men as a rule admire medicine and despise advice. Hence, unless a veterinary surgeon trades on the ignorance of his clients, he has but a small chance of earning a comfortable livelihood. Mr. Goodall's case reminds me of a young veterinary surgeon who had just begun practice, and was full of the dignity of the profession and all that sort of thing, being asked by a poor carrier to treat a horse of his which was ill. The unsordid one, seeing that there was nothing really the matter with the animal, which was suffering only from a temporary fit of choking, caused in harness by the pressure of a too tightly-fitting collar, and wishing to make a good impression, told the man that all he had to do was to keep the horse quiet for the remainder of the day, and that it would be perfectly well on the following morning. The man having asked how much he had to pay, and hearing that no charge would be made for such a trifling matter, went off without even saying "Thank you." A week afterwards, the veterinary surgeon met the man and inquired how the animal was doing. "He's all right, and no thanks to you," was the surly reply. "How's that?" "As you would do nothing for him, I took him to the other Vet., who is a rare knowledgeable chap. *He* gave him a dose of physic,

Photo by] [*W. & D. Downey, 57 Ebury Street, S.W.*

FIG. 6.—Mr. Frank Ward.

bled him, blistered his sides, and now the horse is all right." "And how much did he charge you?" "A guinea," replied the yokel proudly, and I was glad to pay it; for he cured my old horse." Since then that young veterinary surgeon does likewise.

I am sorry to say that since the time about which I am writing, Melton appears to have commenced a journey on the down-grade; the cause no doubt being the introduction of factories into this once charming rural town. Hunting-people who have lots of money, seek during the winter a change into the country, which ceases to be country when it is converted into a manufacturing centre. Consequently, Melton is becoming deserted for places in which there is less smoke and no mill hands. I think that Melton's loss will be Oakham's gain.

As it was no use following in the footsteps of Mr. Goodall, I accepted an offer from Mr. W. H. Walker to go to Sandy Brow, near Tarporley, Cheshire, to train a stable of steeple-chase horses he was getting together. Mr. Walker treated me liberally; but his marriage made him relinquish the idea, and we parted good friends. My wife and I had lots of hunting with the North Cheshire during the winter we stayed at Sandy Brow. No master could have been more popular with the farmers than the late Captain Park Yates, and the people were nice, but they *would* holloa! I hope Lord Enniskillen keeps them in order. We went to London, where I spent eight or nine months bringing out new editions of *Points of the Horse* and *Veterinary Notes for Horse-owners*, and began a translation from the German of Friedberger and Fröhner's *Veterinary Pathology*, the first part of which translation is now before the public. Besides bringing out this book, I added a large number of notes for the benefit of English readers, and had the good fortune to strengthen it with a chapter on bacteriology written by

Dr. Newman, under whom I studied that science at King's College, London. As a French translation of the original is the text-book on veterinary medicine in the French veterinary colleges, it will not be the fault of the German authors if my translation is not a success.

I took advantage of our stay in London to have a course of lessons in four-in-hand and tandem driving from Mr. Frank Ward (Fig. 6), who is an admirable teacher; for he is not only a thorough master of his subject, but he is also most particular to give the reason for every detail of the instruction which he imparts. He is so bright, intelligent, and anxious to convey knowledge, that learning from him is a pleasure, of which I hope to have many repetitions. His usual plan is to begin in Battersea Park, in the solitudes of which the novice will not be able to do much harm before being saved by the watchful mentor who sits beside him. In a few days sufficient confidence and skill will be acquired to attempt Putney and Barnes, and after that, Young or Old Hopeful, as the case may be, can go to Hyde Park or Regent's Park. The crossings *en route* from Brompton Road appeared to me to be very formidable undertakings, until Mr. Ward explained that the only thing I had to do, beyond keeping my head, was to "watch the policeman," who in London traffic is an efficient guardian angel to the right-hand man on the box seat of a coach.

CHAPTER I

FIRST TRIP TO RUSSIA

M. Sorel—The Chevaliers Gardes—Krasnoe Selo—Breaking a Trooper—Breaking for the Grand Duke Nicholas—Russian Officers—Russian Soldiers—Doctors and Veterinary Surgeons in Russia.

WANTING a place to put our things in, we bought about this time a house in Crick, which is a small old-fashioned village in the centre of the Pytchley country. We had just concluded the purchase when I received a letter from an old acquaintance, M. Charles Sorel, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Paris some years ago. He was then at the Cirque d'Eté, and used to exercise M. Clémenceau's horses. Sorel is a good-looking young Frenchman, has very nice manners, and is a great favourite with the ladies. He had been two years in a circus in England, and was for some time at Captain Fitzgerald's riding school in Gloucester Crescent as an assistant. While he was out of a job, he and his wife stayed with us for a few weeks at Melton Mowbray, where I showed him several things in horse-breaking, as he was anxious to learn all he could about that art. In his letter he told me that after many ups and downs he was at last settled in the comfortable post of *écuyer* to the officers of the Chevaliers Gardes at St. Petersburg. Russian officers like to have their horses quiet: and small blame to them. As they do not look upon breaking and exercising horses as a pleasure, they employ an *écuyer*, *Bereiter* or rough-rider to

extract the nonsense out of their animals. One of the officers of the Chevaliers Gardes, wanting to buy an Irish mare as a charger, applied to Sorel, with the result that I was intrusted with the commission. I sent out a nice mare with a good deal of bone and substance, strong legs and feet, the manners of an angel, and boldness and cleverness which would enable her to cross any country. The only thing that I did not like about the mare was that she was a trifle cobby, and not enough of the Leicestershire hunter type, which forms with the thoroughbred the only two classes of horses worth riding, in my opinion. Sorel had, however, impressed on me the necessity of sending out something thick-set, absolutely quiet (*toute à fait tranquille*), and a clever and very temperate jumper. Horses, as we all know, can't be made to order like a suit of clothes, so I did the best I could. Anyhow, this purchase obtained such general approval in the regiment that Sorel was asked to invite me out, so that the officers might personally explain to me their special wants in horse-flesh, with the object of my supplying them from England. I accordingly proceeded in July 1897 *viâ* Berlin to St. Petersburg, and then journeyed on for about seventeen miles to the village of Krasnoe Selo, in the vicinity of which a force of about forty thousand men was encamped for exercise. I was kindly received by General Nicolaief, Colonel Kasnakof, and the other officers of the Chevaliers Gardes, which is the senior regiment in the Russian army. I may mention in passing that the commanding officers of these regiments are generals, who hold a similar position to that of colonels in our service who are in command of regiments. I stayed for three weeks at "The Red Village" with the Sorels, who did everything to make my visit agreeable.

Krasnoe Selo is a long, pretty village on high and fairly level ground, and consists chiefly of country residences, a few

Government buildings, some barracks, and a large number of small houses which are hired for the summer by people who are fortunate enough to be able to get out of St. Petersburg at that time. The extensive plains and undulating ground in the vicinity of this village are occupied, I believe, every year by a large camp of exercise. At Krasnoe Selo I spent most of my time riding horses for Sorel, who, luckily for me, had more animals on hand than he could keep in full work. I saw a good deal of the cavalry manœuvres, and was much impressed by the steadiness and good riding of the men.

Hearing about my breaking from Sorel, Colonel Kasnakof, who is fond of horses and rides well, asked me one day to wheel into line a fifteen-year-old white troop horse which was quiet in every way, except that he objected to be bridled, saddled, or mounted outside of a stable; his defence being that he hit out with his fore feet and ran back, if anyone on foot attempted to get near him in the open. In order to make the test of my breaking effective, the place chosen by the colonel for the *séance* was an open plain, and the cavalry soldier who looked after the horse was ordered to ride him up to the assembled spectators and then get off, while still retaining his hold of the reins, which had in the act of dismounting been drawn over the animal's head. "What does he do?" I asked, because I had not been told anything about his manner of "playing up." The reply I received was an order to the man to try to mount. Every attempt he made to put his hand on the mane or saddle was met on the part of the animal by skilfully aimed blows with the forefeet and dashes to the rear, so that his would-be rider could not get nearer to him than the length of the tightly stretched reins. When this game, which was all in favour of the old grey, had gone on long enough, the colonel asked me to make the horse quiet to mount. In about ten minutes I

taught him to come up to me by adopting Baucher's neat method (see *Illustrated Horse-breaking*) of lightly touching the animal on the front of the chest with the point of a cutting whip I had in my hand; ceasing of course this irritating indication the moment the grey, finding that he could not escape it by backing, came forward. Having got so far in obtaining control, I slipped the end of a piece of rope, which on such occasions I always carry in my pocket, over the horse's neck and under his upper lip, and taught him to obey the word "steady!" After that, I gentled him with my hand over the neck, head, shoulders and fore legs; took off the saddle; removed the bridle; and bridled and saddled him while he stood like a statue of good-tempered patience in the open without any kind of restraint being applied to him; for I need hardly say that I took off the rope as soon as my pupil had grasped the meaning of the word "steady!" Finally, he allowed his cavalry friend to mount without giving the slightest trouble. Repetition of the lesson was then the only thing needed to transform this act of obedience into a habit; but whether that was subsequently done or not, was no affair of mine. The vice in question would certainly have been a very easy one to have overcome in this instance, because it was unmixed with any tendency to sulk.

The breaking must have made a good impression; for towards the end of my stay at Krasnoe Selo, Colonel Kasnakof told me that H.I.H. The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaivitch, who is the Tzar's uncle and Inspector-General of the Russian Cavalry, would like that afternoon to see me take in hand an unbroken young horse and make him quiet to ride. After luncheon, Colonel Kasnakof drove me down to the Grand Duke's palace, and, evidently from his kind-hearted solicitude on my behalf, asked me three or four times if I really felt certain that I could accomplish the supposed big task within the hour which had been allotted for it. I

am afraid that the free expression of my confidence not only to have the animal mounted within the given period, but also to teach it to carry its rider quietly in any direction required, and to give it a lesson in jumping, disquieted rather than calmed the mind of my kind companion. On arrival, we found a large number of cavalry generals and colonels in splendid uniforms waiting for the Grand Duke. Glancing round the brilliant assembly, I could not help remarking *sotto voce* to the colonel, that it would be a hard job to please all those *beaux sabreurs*. "Never mind them," he said encouragingly, "the Grand Duke is the only one you have got to please, and if you are fortunate enough to do that, you will be all right, no matter what anyone else thinks. He forms his own conclusions, and never allows himself to be led away by the opinions of others." When the Grand Duke arrived, he received me graciously. He is slight, very tall, straight as a dart, and looks the *beau idéal* of a cavalry officer. I not only did all I had promised Colonel Kasnakof, but also showed several details that would be useful in expediting and facilitating the breaking of remounts. I cannot adequately express the pleasure I had in seeing that the first cavalry officer in Russia followed my work with close attention. Guessing that he understood English, I at first explained what I was about to do in that language; but although he evidently knew what I said, he asked me to speak in French; probably because he wanted me to express myself in a manner that the majority of the officers present could comprehend. I was, if possible, still more gratified when, at the conclusion of the performance, the Grand Duke sent Colonel Kasnakof to ask me if I would come out again to St. Petersburg later on in the year, so that His Imperial Highness might see about introducing my methods of breaking into the Russian army. Colonel Kasnakof told me that the Grand Duke knew that I wrote

books about horses, and that, if I came out, he would give me introductions, so that I could see all the studs and learn everything about Russian horses, in the event of my wishing to write about them. Of course I was only too glad to accept the honour of such a flattering invitation, and returned to my quarters immensely pleased with the results of the afternoon, and deeply grateful for the kind reception I had received, thanks to Colonel Kasnakof. I was ably assisted that afternoon in the breaking by Sorel.

In and around St. Petersburg the troops are chiefly composed of Guard regiments (Figs. 7, 8, and 9), the men and officers of which are specially selected, as with us. A commission in the Russian Guards is greatly sought after by rich young Muscovites; because all the Guard stations are good, both for society and for obtaining appointments. So keen is the competition for these commissions, that in each Guard regiment there is a large number of supernumerary officers who draw no pay, being well content to serve in the home district without State aid, instead of being banished to "the back of God speed you" in the middle of some desolate steppe thousands of miles from civilisation. The majority of the officers of the Guards speak French or German, or both, though not so much as formerly; because Russia for the Russians is the policy of the day—and quite right too. In other times, it was Russia for the foreigners. In Russia, education beyond the three R's is chiefly confined to the acquisition of foreign languages, which principle acts well in a country devoted to expansion. The knowledge of languages, as we all know, is a means, not an end. It was said that Mezzofanti spoke fifty languages, and had nothing particular to tell in any of them. Being fairly polyglot in European and Eastern languages, I can say with some authority that learning a language for ordinary purposes is a mere effort of memory which demands no exer-

cise of the reasoning faculties. According to Dr. Le Bon, if horses could only speak and write, they would gain all competitive examinations, so retentive are their memories.

Photo by] [*M. Belyavskago, 34 Nevsky.*

FIG. 7.—Guard Cavalry on Parade.

In the Russian cavalry and infantry regiments of the line, the large majority of the officers know only their mother-tongue. As the pay is very small, and as the demand for

officers is great, the literary and scientific tests for obtaining a commission are extremely mild. Outside of the Guard regiments, the officers are seldom well off. In fact, many of them live on their pay, which is about two-fifths of that of English officers of corresponding rank on the home list. The difficulty of this meritorious feat is considerably reduced by the absence of an expensive mess and cheapness of provisions in out-of-the-way places. Anyhow it takes some "doing" for a cavalry captain to support himself, wife and family, and pay for his uniform, on four and a half guineas a month, out of which he can't be very lavish in the way of horse-flesh. A lieutenant-colonel on £120, a colonel on £210, and a general on £300 a year are in comparative affluence; but such exalted grades generally take a long time to reach in that country.

Russian officers are hospitable, kind-hearted, singularly free from "side," and are inclined to take the world easily. With rare exceptions, they regard breaking, schooling, shoeing, and other practical work with horses as matters which may demand the issue of orders to non-commissioned officers or men, but which do not require the personal intervention of an officer. This idea is of course contrary to the Russian cavalry regulations, by which all officers are supposed to be capable of practically instructing their men in every detail of military horsemanship; but this excellent principle has not as yet gone much beyond the stage of theory. Young material of the proper sort is present in the commissioned ranks of the Russian cavalry, but the conditions of climate and country are greatly against its development. For seven months in winter, riding in the open, if not an impossibility, is a weariness to the flesh not to be borne by an ordinary mortal. In summer, crops are up, the ground is hard, and there is little opportunity for sport on horseback. In England, a youngster goes into the cavalry because he is fond

of horses and has money to spend on his fad. In Russia the matter is one almost entirely of social distinction, because there, "the guinea stamp" and not the man is of value. For instance,

Photo by] [*M. Belyavskago, 34 Nevsky.*

FIG. 8.—Guard Cavalry in the Nevsky.

a colonel in that country is a far greater swell than a prince who holds no Government appointment. A Russian officer is never out of uniform except when he goes to bed or

to have a bath. Even a last-joined subaltern is saluted by every policeman he meets, and is superior to many rules and regulations that annoy men in mufti. I remember on one occasion that a dog belonging to the special correspondent of *The Times*, got severely bitten by another dog, because it was unable to defend itself, owing to the fact that it was muzzled, agreeably to the municipal orders of St. Petersburg, although its opponent had no muzzle. *The Times* man complained to the authorities, but could get no redress, because the aggressor was an officer's tyke, and was consequently a privileged personage. Talking of dogs reminds me of Russian greyhounds, a beautiful specimen of which breed is shown in Fig. 10.

Russian tradesmen, with the fear of getting themselves disliked, are very loath to take proceedings for the recovery of debt against gentlemen in uniform, whose long-windedness would astonish even the most patient of West End tailors. Besides, Russian military authorities view with lenient eyes indebtedness among their officers. In the German army, on the contrary, the principle that an officer should pay his way is maintained as strictly as it is in our service. In Russia, uniform is worth a lot of money. There, the great ambition of officers after they leave the service is to be allowed to wear their uniform, without which, as a rule, they would be unable to maintain the position of a gentleman. In fact, official rank is practically the only recognised claim to social standing. The only Russian title of nobility is *knyaz*, which would best be translated into English by the word "lord." Its accepted translation of "prince" is absolutely incorrect; because its possession implies no connection with royalty. The proper synonym for our word "prince" is Valiki Knyaz or Grand Duke. In Russia, ordinary princes are cheap. They tell me that in the Caucasus the ownership of five sheep confers the title of *knyaz*.

We have also the subject of money to look at. In the purchase days, English subalterns frequently joined an infantry regiment with three or four hunters. Now, a bicycle

Photo by] [*M. Bellyavskago, 34 Nevsky.*

FIG. 9.—Guard Cavalry in the Nevsky.

is more the custom. At present, the majority of infantry subalterns in England have to live frugally, and however steadfastly their hearts may be in the "right place," they have to curb their sporting instincts within narrow limits.

But when they go to India, where the pay is very much better, their dreams become a reality, and we find them racing, chasing, pig-sticking, shooting and playing polo with the best. The Durham Light Infantry, for instance, had one of the strongest polo teams ever known in India. Russian officers have not at present an India in which to develop their sporting tastes. It is evident that if the Russian Government wishes its cavalry officers to be enthusiastic horsemen, it must retain in that branch only those officers who show special aptitude for mounted work, and it must increase their pay.

What Russian officers need above all things, and what it appears almost impossible to give them, is early training in field sports, and especially in outdoor games of discipline, such as cricket, polo, and football. As they get little or nothing of the kind, the wonder is that they are not softer than they are. In the old days, say, forty years or more ago, the officers of the Russian cavalry were a good deal richer than those at present serving, and consequently had more money to spend on horses. I have often heard it said in England that Russian officers are greatly given to drinking and gambling. Without wanting to hold them up for admiration as saints who are patiently waiting for their respective halos to be placed on their heads, I must say that I have found them to be particularly sedate, and to be in no way inclined to paint town and country red on the slightest provocation. I am afraid that some of their maligners have mistaken generous hospitality for habitual dissipation.

A considerable number of the officers are Germans or are of German origin, in which case they come chiefly from the Baltic Provinces. I have been told that half the general officers are of Teutonic blood, but think that my informant made an unintentional exaggeration. Probably from 10 to 15 per cent. are of that descent. There are certainly more

Germans among the older officers than among the younger ones; because in the advance of civilisation the Russians are gradually getting to do without foreign instructors. In olden days all the apothecaries and nearly all the bakers were Germans. Even now the majority of the druggists are of that nationality. Formerly, Russian gentlemen were more or less ashamed of their language. French was spoken at court, and their writers thought that the highest form of

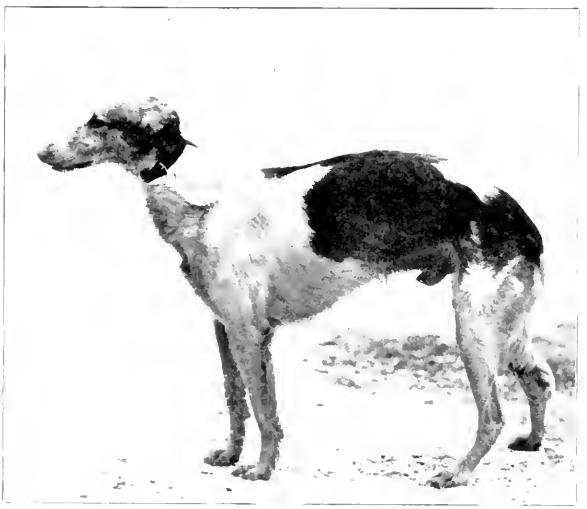

Photo by] [*L. C. Gorodetzky, Tzarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 10.—Borzoi belonging to H.I.M. the Tzar.

Russian literature was a servile copy of Racine or Byron. Now, Russia has a literature of its own, which, owing to the absence of copyright reciprocity with other countries, is largely diluted with translations and pirated illustrations: the court language is also Russian. Germans having been a favoured nation for a long time, are naturally regarded with jealousy and dislike, which feelings are in no way extended to the French, with whom the Russians have

no clashing interests. On the other hand, Germans in Russia affect to regard the inhabitants as Asiatics, a taunt which is of little weight; for many, if not the large majority of well-educated Russians, consider their country to be essentially an Asiatic power, whose sphere of action should be in the East and not in the West.

Russian officers and soldiers have to be implicitly submissive to authority; because it is authority. In the English Army, no one has to obey an order, no matter by whom issued, unless it is a lawful order. In Russia, no discussion whatever is permitted about Church or State; the former being the dutiful handmaiden of the latter. Consequently, while *l'affaire* was being freely criticised throughout Western Europe, every Russian officer was outwardly "solid" on the guilt of Captain Dreyfus. Yet that strange compound of good and evil which we call Human Nature, would sometimes assert herself when no "Asiatic" was within ear-shot. One evening I was having tea with a colonel of the Russian Cavalry, who was of German descent and a Lutheran. While his wife, who had left their young children with us, was absent from the room for a few moments, I made a remark about his good fortune in having such a nice family. "Poor little things," he said with bitterness, "they do not deserve their cruel fate to be brought up as members of the Greek Church. I am a Protestant; but as their mother belongs to the Russian Orthodox faith, they have to accept her religion." Gambetta truly said: "*Le clericalisme: voila l'ennemi.*" Another time, when I was at a small station in the steppes, I was speaking to a Polish acquaintance who was a Russian officer. "You ought to be happy," he said, "for you will soon be in England. Most of my friends are in their graves in Poland; some are in Siberia; and I am left alone here to mourn for them."

The grey overcoat habitually worn by Russian officers

does not help a stranger much in distinguishing them from other officials, or even from their men. This fact, I presume, induces rich cavalry officers to buy big, lumpy-shouldered foreign horses with docked tails; the soldiers' horses being well-bred, comparatively small, and having long tails. In all the grades, from a sub to a colonel, there is nothing in the uniform to mark the rank, except the nature of the epaulettes, which on the coats of subalterns have a middle longitudinal line and stars. A captain has the line but no stars. A lieutenant-colonel has two lines and stars; and a colonel, two lines and no stars. A general has neither lines nor stars on his epaulettes, but comes out strong in the matter of broad red stripes on his trousers, and a red lining to his coat, which for obvious reasons he keeps more or less open even during winter, with heroic indifference to the danger of coughs and colds. When a Russian officer becomes a general, he is happy for the remainder of his life, because everyone from henceforth has to call him "Your Excellency" when addressing him. The only English officers I have ever seen wearing goloshes in uniform were Sappers; but in Russia all officers use them in bad weather, which is a practice that is at times almost imperative, although it cannot be looked upon as an aid to smartness of appearance. When standing about during great cold, the feet often get unbearably chilled if shod with leather, which is a comparatively good conductor of heat. Rubber conducts heat badly, and consequently keeps the feet warm, especially when these coverings are lined with felt or woollen material, as is usually done. Also, they keep boots clean, which is a matter for consideration when going into the houses of other people. Mounted officers in Russia wear hunting spurs, not box spurs.

Russian soldiers are light-hearted, easily-contented, strongly-built, and obedient fellows, who are capable of anything if properly led. De Simonof tells us in *Les*

Races Chevalines that in Russia there are on an average about twenty-six horses to every hundred inhabitants, which is a far higher equine percentage than that of any other nation in Europe or Asia. We cannot obtain an exact percentage for England, because the official returns include only animals that are owned by occupiers of land. The number of these horses in the United Kingdom was 2,069,852 in 1898; the human population being 38,104,895. This works out to a trifle over 5 per cent. With all allowances, we would not be justified in putting the percentage at more than 13, which would be half that of Russia. Most of the peasants, from whom the army is almost entirely recruited, have been accustomed to ride from their youth upwards, and often barebacked, which is the best of all means for shaking a boy or man into his seat. Russian cavalry soldiers are honourably distinguished by their great fondness for the horses of which they are in charge. They caress and pet them and give them dainties of the carrot and bread type as often as they can. In Russia, the infamous practice of standing-in with the corn merchant, which grooms in almost every other country carry on, is happily unknown. I have never seen ordinary working horses so well fed and so quiet as in Russia. The condition of the horses belonging to even the poorest owners contrasts very favourably with that of horses in London, and still more so with the state of those in Berlin.

Each Russian soldier gets daily 2¼ lbs. of rye bread, and 6 oz. of meat without bone, which is made up with vegetables into soup for his midday meal. Along with the soup he is given a quantity of boiled *kasha* (buckwheat) to fill up the interstices of his appetite. For his other meals he has to depend on his loaf of rye bread. In the Cavalry Reserves, the men get a second helping of *kasha* and soup at eight o'clock in the morning, but without any increase in the

quantity of meat. When I was at the Reserve depôts, which I shall describe later on, I was shown round the men's barracks and cook-rooms, and must say that they are comfortably lodged, and that every care is taken to make their slender rations go as far as possible. The vegetable soup, which is a national dish, is excellent in flavour and most wholesome. In the making of good healthy soup, the Russians are easily first. Their chief soups are *stchi* and *borsh*; the former being made with white-heart cabbage, the latter with sliced beetroot. I learned that the soldiers get once a fortnight a hot bath, to which admirable institution I shall again allude. The men have well-managed canteens, at which they can buy, if they have got the money, various kinds of necessaries and small luxuries, not forgetting *vodka* and beer, at very reasonable prices. The men get a free allowance of uniform and $57\frac{1}{2}$ kopecks every two months, which amounts to about three halfpence a week. I have often been told, both by officers and men, that soldiers without private means have a hard time to live in that service. The Government supply of food and clothing is in many cases supplemented by remittances from home. As the ranks are filled by conscription, there are many soldiers whose friends are able and willing to help them.

Army doctors and army veterinary surgeons occupy a somewhat subordinate position, and are looked upon as doctors and veterinary surgeons, but not as officers. More than once, on seeing a gentleman in uniform pass, I have asked a military acquaintance what officer that was, and have received the reply: "He's not an officer; he's a doctor." In Russia, all the colleges, like everything else, are Government institutions, and are conducted under a system of strict military discipline. Consequently, professional combination is impossible, and without combination, professional advancement is out of the question. On the other hand, as

doctors and veterinary surgeons are educated by the State for mere nominal fees, they have not the right to call the tune, like the man who paid the piper.

A veterinary surgeon of twenty years' service gets 79 roubles a month; $94\frac{1}{4}$ roubles being equal to £10.

The social position of doctors in Russia is humble, to say the least of it. Even those in civil practice have no fixed fees: they take whatever their patients give them, like waiters pocketing a tip. Veterinary surgeons are held there in still lower social repute, and their professional reputation is at even a higher discount. I have met in Russia some excellent veterinary surgeons; but as very few of them own or ride horses, people think that they do not know much about the inner life of these animals. This want of confidence in their horse-doctors renders Russians unsatisfactory folk to sell horses to; because, instead of having a horse examined and the matter settled one way or the other, the buyer takes the animal if he likes it, and then for at least the next six months submits it to the criticism of his friends, who, to show off their knowledge, try to find all the real and imaginary faults they can in it. Considering the great number of difficult subjects which are included in the province of veterinary knowledge, it is impossible for a man to have a sound acquaintance with all or even most of them. For instance, I am as ignorant of "beasts," sheep, and pigs as some of our great English cattle pathologists are of horses. Even veterinary surgeons, whose practice is almost entirely confined to cart-horses, cannot form a reliable opinion on the capabilities of hunters and racehorses to stand work, with the nature of which they are unacquainted. Most of us in this country like a horsey man for a horse, a doggy man for a dog, and so on. The majority of the members of my profession have entered it because they are fond of horses, and they devote themselves with special enthusiasm to their

equine patients. There is certainly no profession in which there are so many good horsemen as that which is under the sway of the R.C.V.S. Hence, taking them all round, they are far better judges of horses, from a lay as well as a professional standpoint, than their continental *confrères*, who regard these animals almost entirely from a clinical point of view.

CHAPTER II

SECOND TRIP TO RUSSIA

Hunters—Quiet to Ride—Horses on board Ship—Slings—A Deal—St. Petersburg—Polo—The Hermitage—An Indian Raja—Ciniselli's Circus—High School Riding—Baucher—James Fillis—General Avscharof—Colonel Ismailof—General Derfelden—A Trip to the Interior—American Trainers—Doubrovka.

I RETURNED from Russia early in September, and was fully occupied during my short stay at home in selecting four horses for officers of the Chevaliers Gardes and one for the Grand Duke Paul, who is an uncle of the Tzar. The large number of requirements which these horses had to fulfil made the task of getting them difficult. First of all, they had to be Irish mares. My horsey readers will know that mares of the charger or hunter class are scarce in England,—a fact which a perusal of the advertisements of Tattersall, or Warner, Sheppard and Wade will amply demonstrate. Foreigners like something to breed from, especially if it comes from Ireland. The mares had to be big, good-looking, well-bred, showy, sound, young, and dead quiet; not a trace of light-heartedness being excusable in the eyes of Sorel and his employers. We all know that a staid demeanour, without a whisk of the tail or a cock of the ears, is a rare attribute in man, woman, or beast which is young, healthy and handsome. The honourable scars of warfare inflicted on almost every seasoned hunter by timber, stone walls and stiff hedges, are regarded on the other side of the Channel as disqualifying disfigurements. I

may mention in passing, that a hunter eight or nine years old, other things being equal, is much more valuable in Leicestershire than a five-year-old, and that few of the hunting people there would care to trust their necks to a four-year-old; because experience and its attendant sense cannot be obtained without age. After a search through the three kingdoms, I got what I sought, in the shape of big, upstanding, weight-carrying Leicestershire hunters, and added to my lot a remarkably good-looking seventeen hand grey gelding, which I was certain would captivate the heart of the Grand Duke Nicholas. I was in special trepidation about the mare I had to bring out for Colonel Kasnakof; because, just before leaving Krasnoe Selo, Madame Kasnakof told me that the mare would also have to carry her! Russian officers, copying the French, like to ride with the spurs close to their animals' sides, so as to brush the hair with them—*effleurer les poils avec les éperons*, as the followers of *l'équitation savante* express it. That's bad enough in all conscience; but it is nothing to the constant tickling with the spur and whip to which Continental ladies subject their mounts. In my trouble I went to Mr. Sam Hames, and appealed to him to help me. He said he knew only one animal in England which would suit all the requirements I reeled off to him, and that one he kept for the exclusive use of field officers of the yeomanry and volunteers. Thinking that such a testimonial of steadiness and a month's trial were good enough for anything, I brought the mare home to Crick, and handed her over to my wife to ride for four weeks, during which time we found the mare to be absolutely confidential. Besides, she was handsome, showy, and had a perfect mouth with which a bad rider could take liberties.

Towards the end of October I embarked at Hull with the horses on board the S.S. *Rinaldo*, which belongs to the Wilson Line and is commanded by Captain Jones. I like

the Wilson Line, because their office people and captains are most obliging in every way. In order to be prepared for any breaking that might be required, I brought out a fine young horseman by the name of "Dick" to act as rough-rider. He was a willing, good chap, and I hope that I will be able to give him another job with me on some future occasion. I have had a fair amount of experience taking horses by sea to and from India, and have learned that the great safeguard to be attended to with them on board, is to put thick coir matting of the door-mat type on the floors of their boxes. A horse having four legs can naturally keep his footing on a rocking surface better than a biped like a man, provided of course that his feet do not slip, which they are extremely likely to do on bare boards, seeing that horses' feet, even when unshod, are comparatively smooth. When standing on this matting, the animal's hoofs become embedded in its long, upright fibres, so that slipping is out of the question. When horses are carried on deck, as mine always have been, a heavy sea may strike a box and wash it overboard, or smash it to pieces. With the precautions usually taken by capable seamen, this accident will rarely happen, except of course, when a vessel becomes wrecked. The vast majority of equine casualties on board ship result from the sufferers losing their foothold and becoming dashed against the sides of their boxes, or struggling until they have fatally injured themselves. This, as I have shown, is an absolutely preventable misfortune, and when it occurs should be put down to gross ignorance or culpable carelessness. Many valuable horses, including the once mighty Blue Gown, have been lost from being knocked about when crossing the Western Ocean. When horses used to be sent round the Cape to India in "wind-jambers" for stud purposes, most of the survivors became affected with chronic fever in the feet from long standing on hard boards, in which case the pressure falls almost entirely on the wall of

the hoofs, instead of its being distributed over the whole of the lower surface of the feet. The employment of coir matting for the feet and cotton wadding bandages (see *Veterinary Notes for Horse-owners*) for the legs, so as to maintain the due circulation of blood in these parts, is the best means for preventing this disease among horses which have to travel by sea.

The improper application of slings under horses on board ship has been the cause of many a good animal losing his life. Contrary to an opinion which is far too common among ignorant people, the legitimate use of slings is to enable a horse to bear on them when he likes, and not to lift him off his legs. It stands to reason that the more weight is taken off a horse's legs by slings, the more insecure will be his foothold, and the more liable will he be to be dashed against the sides of his box in the event of the ship pitching and rolling. Horse-boxes should of course be placed athwart ships, and not fore and aft; because the inclination of the deck is much greater when a lively ship rolls than when she pitches.

I landed the horses all right at St. Petersburg, to which place the Chevaliers Gardes had returned after the manœuvres at Krasnoe Selo. Colonel Kasnakof was so overjoyed with his mare that he thanked me afresh every time he met me; and to do me a good turn, he got the Grand Duke Nicholas to come and see the six horses I had brought out. On the previous day I was told that they were to be shown in one of the riding schools belonging to the Chevaliers Gardes, and that I was to jump the grey in the school for the Grand Duke. On hearing that news I hastened off to the school with the gelding to try him over some hurdles; for I knew that he had never performed in a *manège*, and that "made" hunters are often very averse from being larked over artificial obstacles in cold blood. The light was bad in the school, and the grey being disconcerted

by his novel surroundings, took off too soon, caught his hind legs in the fence, and blundered on to his head. Finding that he was frightened, and not wanting to upset him in the semi-darkness, I sent him back to his stable.

Next morning, the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, several other nobles, A.D.C.'s, and regimental officers arrived in the school, and the horses were paraded before them. The animals most admired were Colonel Kasnakof's mare and the grey gelding, which I mounted and put through his paces. I tried to get off jumping him in the school, and explained that his sphere of action was outside, and that I would be happy to show how he could lep in the open; but all to no purpose, for the Grand Duke Nicholas would brook no refusal. I did my best to make him jump, but he would not go near the obstacle, despite all the humouring I could give him. I felt that with a fight I could make him jump; but such a victory would, I knew, be worse than a defeat, because it would upset his temper, and would in all probability render him difficult to be ridden by the Grand Duke, in case he wanted to try him. I put the best construction I could on the animal's waywardness, got off, and let him be mounted by an officer whom the Grand Duke had specially brought with him to ride the grey. Not being in any way upset, he carried this officer in such nice style that the Grand Duke got up himself and trotted and cantered him with evident satisfaction. Then came the question of price. Above all things I wanted the Grand Duke to have him; because the purchase would with luck be a valuable advertisement for me. Consequently, I said only 2500 roubles, which is as near as possible 250 guineas. As Russians resemble ladies in their love of a bargain, His Imperial Highness would not go beyond 2000 roubles, so I let him have the horse at that really cheap price. A week or two afterwards, Colonel Kasnakof told me that

the Grand Duke had desired him to inform me that he was greatly pleased with the grey, who, so the Grand Duke said, was getting every day handsomer and handsomer, which really meant fatter and fatter.

The fine grey weight-carrying hunting mare which I had selected for the Duke Paul, and which I had bought for a long price from Mr. Sam Hames, had bad luck from gross mismanagement. On the morning after her arrival in the stables of the Chevaliers Gardes, the veterinary surgeon of that regiment wanting to be a bit zealous, especially as she belonged to a Grand Duke, produced his clinical thermometer, took her temperature, and conveyed her out of my sight for ever. As far as I could see, there was nothing the matter with the mare beyond her being slightly upset by the sudden transition from the keen sea air of early winter to a hot and badly ventilated loose box. Sorel tells me that as soon as she had recovered from her supposed indisposition, which she did in a few days, she was sent out of town to the Grand Duke's stables. No provision having been made for her clothing, she went out without a single rug on her, with the temperature a long way below freezing-point. As a mistake had been made about the time of the departure of the train, the mare was kept standing outside the station for some hours, with the natural result that she got inflammation of the lungs and went wrong in her wind. Had I been informed, as I ought to have been, of her intended movement, I would of course have taken every necessary provision for her comfort and safety, and would have seen her boxed in the train.

I learned that several of the officers who saw my breaking before the Grand Duke at Krasnoe Selo, and possibly the Grand Duke himself, did not look upon my work that day as a proof that I was capable of tackling the wild horses of the steppes. In this they were quite right, and I was

only too glad to hear, that before giving me an engagement, the Grand Duke wished to try me in a manner which would settle the question one way or the other. While waiting about three weeks for this trial to take place, I stayed with "Dick" in a Russian hotel on the Nevsky, and saw a good deal of St. Petersburg. This city, which is on the banks of the broad and deep Neva (Figs. 11 and 12), has immensely wide streets, of which the most fashionable is probably the Bolshaya Morskaya (Fig. 13). The houses are large and lofty, but the too liberal use of stucco on their outside gives them an air of pretence to initiated eyes. St. Petersburg has over a million inhabitants, who are pretty thickly crowded together, and as its site is on flat ground almost on the level of the sea, its drainage is so imperfect that everyone tries to live out of it, until the cold of the seven months' winter allays the activity of disease bacteria. H.I.M. the Tzar generally spends the summer at Livadia in the Crimea, and rich people betake themselves to the country, Tzarskoe Selo, Krasnoe Selo, Peterhof, or to the island of Krestofsky, which is on the other side of the river, and which for the greater part belongs to Prince Beloselsky. This fine old sportsman generously gave the local polo club the ground on which their members play. The leading spirits of the club are Prince Serge Beloselsky, who is the old prince's son; Mr. Tamplin, who used to be well known with the Brighton Harriers; and Davey, who is the old prince's groom, and who provides his employer's firstborn with horse-knowledge. Davey is an old Melton Mowbray man, and is a thoroughly capable hunting groom. He takes his young prince to Pau, and sees that no bones are broken and no wrong horses bought. When I said tentatively to him: "Why not Leicestershire?" he shook his head and smiled. Prince Serge is very amiable. When I first had the pleasure of meeting him, he was very English. He had a set of boxing gloves hung up in his room. He

actually journeyed to England, and went out on two occasions cub-hunting with the Eastbourne Hounds and the Crawley and Horsham, if I remember rightly. When I last saw him, he was very French and was wrapped up in high school riding. The polo club is chiefly supported by English residents. Russian officers do not take kindly to the game,

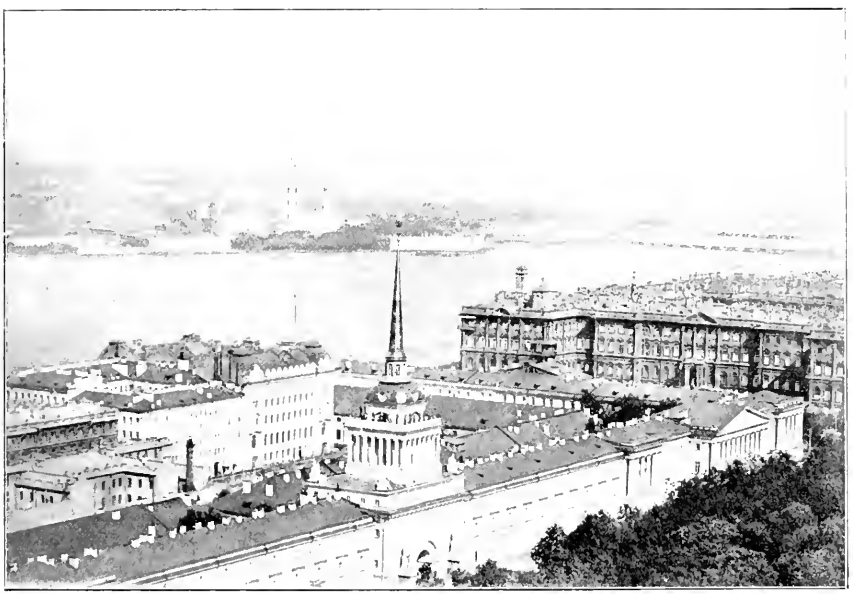

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 11.—The Admiralty, Neva and Fortress in the distance, as seen from the top of St. Isaac's Cathedral.

which omission is not altogether their fault. The Grand Duke Boris, who is very keen about horses and sport, joined the club and played at first with enthusiasm, but soon retired on account, I believe, of the forcible Anglo-Saxon "language" that was flying about during the play.

The most noticeable building in St. Petersburg is the beautiful cathedral of St. Isaac (Fig. 14). I took this

photograph in the middle of winter, but had previously taken others (Figs. 11 and 12) from the top of the cathedral, so as to get views comprising both banks of the Neva. I obtained these photographs from the highest spot on the river-bank, by oiling the palm of an attendant; but when I tried to repeat the performance, my very civilly worded request excited much wrath in the priest to whom I applied.

The Hermitage is an extraordinary valuable and beautifully arranged museum and collection of art galleries, in which, among many other priceless paintings, are several marvellously fine specimens of the work of Van Dyck and Murillo. The attention of the lover of horses will be caught by a large silver gilt Greek vase of the fourth or fifth century before Christ. On it we find figures of men engaged in holding horses with a lasso, as far as I could judge. In one of the groups, a fore leg is being tied up.

There is a large number of interesting horse relics to be seen in the Museum of the Imperial Carriages, the saddest of all being the shattered carriage in which the noble-minded Alexander II. rode on the day of his assassination. Unlike many of my countrymen, I have no sympathy with Nihilists and other Anarchists, who in no way voice the wishes of the people, and are consequently not entitled to oppose a Government. Luckily for law-abiding people in Russia, the police are well organised there. If I were a ruler against whom Anarchists had a grudge, I would obey the counsel of my head adviser, or sack him. There was once an Indian prince who was too fond of "pegs" composed of brandy and champagne. The English Government sent him a doctor who had orders to prevent him if possible from drinking to excess. Despite the advice of the new medical man, the Raja continued in his old ways, being encouraged therein by his courtiers, who resented the presence of the Englishman.

At last the doctor lost patience with his charge and told him that if he didn't stop drinking, he would die within a year. The Raja paid no attention to the warning, and after nine months of the time had elapsed, he chaffingly remarked to his people that the doctor's prophecy would in all probability turn out to be incorrect, as he felt uncommonly fit and well.

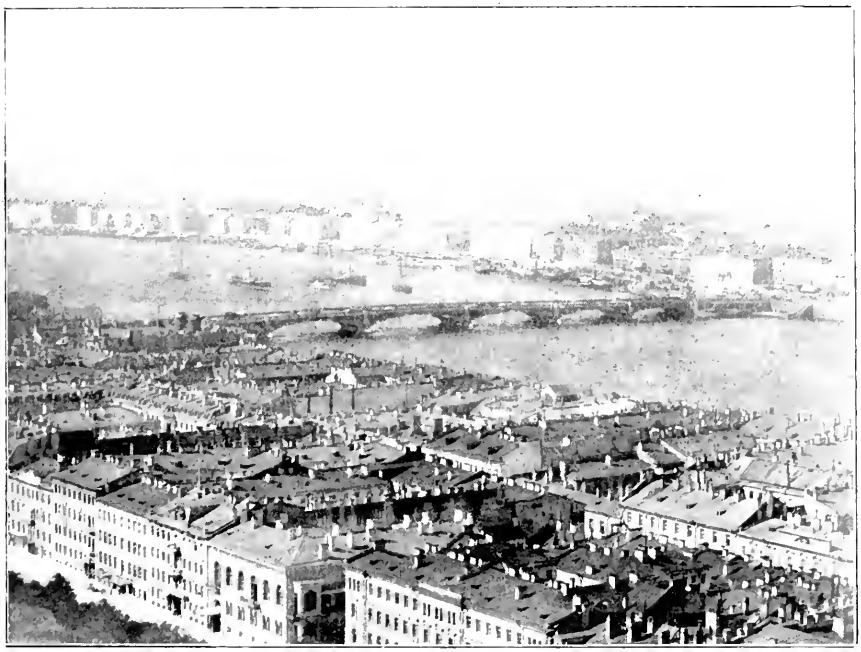

Photo by [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 12.—Neva and Nicholas Bridge, as seen from the top of St. Isaac's Cathedral.

"King of kings," replied one of his Brahmins, "do you think that the Doctor Sahib is so foolish as to let his words come to naught and thus lose his great reputation for wisdom?" Struck by the force of this observation, the Raja begged the Brahmin to tell him by what means he might avert the impending calamity. The Brahmin answered that if the

doctor remained at the court, the Raja must of course die; but that if he was removed, no accident could occur. So the Raja sent a petition to Government for the recall of the doctor, who thus lost a good appointment that he might have held for the many years during which the Raja continued spirit-proof.

At St. Petersburg, Ciniselli's circus is a great rendezvous for the world and his wife on Sunday evenings. This circus was established under imperial patronage by Gaëtano Ciniselli, who was a distinguished school rider and pupil of Baucher, the great high priest of *la haute école*. I may explain that this is the art by which a rider can make his horse do such things as cantering backwards, cantering on three legs, performing the Spanish trot, and other wonderful and equally useless *airs de manège*, the performance of which are regarded by Russian officers as the highest proofs of good training and fine horsemanship. To do any of these movements, the horse has to go through a long course of special instruction; and after that, he is not more capable than he was before, of doing anything spontaneous. For instance, the best school rider in the world on the most highly trained school horse, could not get him to change from a trot into an amble without the animal having been previously taught to do so. I venture here to repeat some remarks I made on high school riding in *Among Men and Horses*, which book is now out of print and will not be again published. To obtain the desired precision in this circus work, it is necessary that the horse should resign the initiative absolutely to his rider, who, consequently, has to continue the application of certain aids (reins, whip and spurs), or change them as may be required. For instance, if a horse is cantering forward with the off fore leading, and the rider turns him to the left without altering the aids, the animal will continue to lead with the off fore, instead of changing

to the near fore as he would naturally do, were he not under artificial compunction. Or, if he met in his onward course a dangerous inequality in the ground, he would, instead of going off to one side or the other, go into or on top of it with the chance of injuring himself and his rider, unless his

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 13.—Bolshaya Morskaya Street.

fear of an accident was greater than his sense of discipline. It is evident that a horse which is habitually forced to depend solely on his rider for guidance, will in time lose to a great extent his instinct of self-preservation when being ridden, and will consequently become an unsafe conveyance over bad ground or across country. In fact, the less developed

a horse's natural cleverness is, other things being equal, the better school horse will he prove. Owing to the mechanical condition of mind into which school horses are brought by their training, they are bad for outdoor work. With hunters on the contrary, we seek to make them self-reliant, and we fare best when we interfere with them as little as possible. Valuable school horses are rarely used outside of the *manège*, because it is found that hacking, hunting and similar work tend to unfit them for the circus line of business. It is said that Baucher never rode outside a *manège* or circus. On one occasion, a nobleman of high rank came into the school belonging to Baucher, who at that moment was riding a beautifully trained horse, on which he performed a number of elaborate evolutions for the benefit of his distinguished visitor. While they were talking together, the nobleman suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to post an important letter which he had in his pocket. Drawing it out he handed it to the great *écuyer* and asked him to ride down with it to the nearest post-office. "Your Highness," replied Baucher, "I am overwhelmed with regret that I am unable just at present to obey your orders; but if you will wait three months, so as to give me time to train my horse to go outside, I will then be delighted to take the letter for you." Considering that fully two years as a rule are required to train a horse to do a sufficient number of school *airs*—say, eight or ten—to make a good show, and that by the end of the required time the animal is generally rendered unsound from the excessive strain thrown on his joints, tendons and ligaments, we need not be surprised that *la haute école*, except for circus work, has fallen into disrepute both in France and Germany.

M. James Fillis (Fig. 15), was the great attraction at Ciniselli's circus, where he rode his well-trained horses. Fillis was born in London of English parents and went

at an early age to France where he got engaged as a juvenile performer in a circus. As time went on, he developed great love for horses and soon began to train for *manège* work according to his own inspiration. Fillis is a slight, active, wiry man of about 8 st. 7 lbs. in weight, and sixty-five years

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 14.—St. Isaac's Cathedral in winter.

of age. He is very much of the same kind of build as was poor George Fordham, and no doubt would have been a brilliant jockey, had he entered that line. He is very energetic and is always true to his favourite motto, *en avant*. Baucher and his followers were academic and slow; Fillis is original and full of impulsion. The first time I saw

Fillis was in Circus Rentz at Hamburg, to which place my wife and I journeyed in order to have the pleasure of witnessing his performances on his clever horses Germinal and Markir. What we liked specially about Fillis's work was that the horse he rode walked into and round the ring in ordinary style, and without a trace of excitement or exaggerated "collection," until he began his particular act. As soon as the animal had finished his *numéro*, he resumed his placid way of going, which showed that his brilliancy was not the result of his having been tortured. Fillis is certainly the greatest master of this kind of riding. Although he is a naturalised Frenchman, his heart is English, and I am sure that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to have his skill recognised in England. I would be glad to help him to attain that end, were it possible. The difficulty of course is that in England, riding means riding to hounds, which has not much in common with school performances. In Fillis's *Principes de Dressage et d'Equitation*, his methods are well described and beautifully illustrated. I may mention in passing, that Frank Fillis, who is at present running the South African show at Olympia in London, is James Fillis's nephew. I used to see a good deal of Frank Fillis some years ago, when he had a circus in Calcutta, where my wife and I were living at that time. He is a good showman, and has big ideas.

Being an Irishman, I naturally regard hunting as the best of all sports; yet school riding has undoubtedly some good points, especially for teaching a horse to go in a collected manner, and for making him obedient to hand and leg. It is particularly applicable to the training of army horses and polo ponies. Besides, in the *manège*, one is protected from rain and snow; the place can be artificially heated; the ground inside it is very soft if one happens to fall off; and if one's horse runs away, he cannot go very far.

Photo by] [*von Hahn & Co., Tsarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 15.—M. James Fillis.

About this time, M. James Fillis left Ciniselli's circus, where he was getting 180 guineas a month, if I remember rightly, and went to the Imperial riding school, and afterwards to the Cavalry Officers' Riding School, which is near the Smolny Monastery at the end of Shpalerneya Street. He is now fulfilling a three years' appointment as *Ecuyer en Chef* at the Officers' School, where he is doing excellent service in improving the Russian methods of military riding, and in making the officers work, which is the one thing above all others they dislike. The institution of serfdom was no doubt a potent factor in the inculcation of the doctrine that work is fit only for slaves. The climate of Russia and the manner of living in that country are not conducive to energy. Also, the course of instruction at the Officers' School is carried on during winter, which is the gay season in St. Petersburg. Russian officers are very fond of society, and naturally resent being kept away from it by any excess of military duty. Fillis tells me that before he went to the school, none of the eight professors of riding who were there, got on a horse during the whole of the winter; their custom being to order and expound, but not to illustrate. That was all changed when Fillis arrived on the scene; for he rightly insisted that the teachers should be taught, and so they had to spend a portion of what had been their spare time in bumping round the school. The only one who escaped this annoying innovation was General Avscharof, who is short, stout, white haired and an Armenian. Although he is supposed to be one of the greatest authorities on horsemanship in Russia, he doesn't ride; because, so Fillis told me, he gets giddy if he mounts a horse. How he obtained his riding experience is a mystery I have been unable to solve.

The Russian officers I met were very civil, and I dined with General Toutilmine, who is the Grand Duke Nicholas' chief assistant, and other officials.

At last instructions came from the Grand Duke Nicholas that I was to proceed with General Derfelden of the Russian remount department, to the remount depôt of Shandrovka, which is in Little (Southern) Russia and is about 150 miles north of the Crimea. I received the liberal allowance of 300 roubles (30 guineas) from the Minister of War for my expenses, and the general, Dick and I started by train from St. Petersburg with a Colonel Ismailof, who was on his way to the Grand Duke Dimitry's horse-breeding stud at Doubrovka, of which he is in charge. This officer spoke English fluently, was very pleasant, and had lived for some years in America, where, so the general told me, he had worked as a labourer. He is full of energy, rather stout, and although he is not a riding man, he is fairly well up in English and American horse literature. During the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago, Colonel Ismailof took out for the show several Russian horses, chiefly on behalf of the Grand Duke Dimitry and the Russian State Administration of Studs and Horse-breeding. Starr, the American trotter trainer, tells me that the Americans did their best to encourage the Russians by giving prizes to their animals, although they did not admire them much. In fact, one prize-winner fetched only 30 dollars when put up for sale.

On our long railway journey, General Derfelden was silent, depressed, and apparently bored on account of being obliged to see a system of breaking which could, in his opinion, by no possibility be equal to the old Russian plan that has been practised since the year one. It was also hard on him to be sent into the wilds with us, away from the winter gaieties of St. Petersburg which were just commencing. I was sorry to have been the cause of his dejection, and tried my best without success to remove it by talking "horse," which was a

subject he really understood a good deal about, although he did not care to discuss it with me. Colonel Ismailof on the contrary was very cheery, and when we approached Kharkof, which is about 800 miles from St. Petersburg, he insisted that we should all go with him to the Doubrovka stud. Having the Shandrovka trial in front of me, I

Photo by] [*L. C. Gorodetzsky, Tzarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 16.—A Troika.

did not at all relish the proposed delay, much as I would have enjoyed the visit another time. The Colonel in his hearty, pleasant manner would brook no refusal, and said that we would travel and be put up at the expense of the Grand Duke, who had evidently inspired the Colonel. We got out at Kharkof, which is a large old Russian city, then branched off to the west, and after a

somewhat tiresome journey, arrived at a small wayside station about half-way from between Kharkof and Kief. Troikas (Fig. 16) and immense fur overcoats were waiting for us, and the drivers took us as quickly as their horses could gallop through the fast falling snow and across the dreary plain to the Grand Duke's establishment, which consists of a few houses and a large number of stables, riding schools and a straight covered drive a quarter of a mile long.

Two Americans, Starr and Murphy, presided over the training of the trotters, and had under them several Russian drivers and an army of grooms, strappers and boys. Starr and Murphy were well paid and had, if I remember rightly, 10 per cent. on all the winnings at the various trotting meetings at which the Grand Duke's horses competed. In hazarding a guess, I would put their earnings at about £40 a month each, exclusive of "chances," which play a larger part in Russian stable economy than even in English. The straight quarter of a mile covered drive was an important feature of the place. It was laid down with sawdust, which was kept moist during dry weather by having pounded rock-salt sprinkled over it; the quantity employed from time to time being sufficient to give the surface a coating resembling that of hoar-frost. I need hardly say that salt acts here by reason of its great affinity for water, which in this case it absorbs from the atmosphere. Colonel Ismailof put us up in comfortable quarters, gave us the best of eating and drinking, and paraded for my inspection during the two or three days of my stay at Doubrovka, all of the very large number of brood mares, colts, fillies and stallions in the place. Just before our departure, the expected report book was produced, and I wrote down a supposed spontaneous account of my impressions. I did not like the way this

report was obtained, and would have been much better pleased, had Colonel Ismailof in the first instance, said to me that the Grand Duke would like me to see the horses and report on them ; but a Russian is nothing if not a diplomatist.

CHAPTER III

ORLOF TROTTERS

Count Alexis Orlof-Tchestmensky—Origin of the Orlof Trotter—Arabs—Count Orlof's System of Training—Count Rostopchin—Management of Young Stock—Tuberculosis.

THE breed of Orlof trotters was founded by Count Alexis Orlof-Tchestmensky, whose doings in connection with Peter III. and the unhappy Princess Tarakanova are told by Castéra in his *Histoire de Catherine II.* After Catherine had discarded Gregory Orlof in favour of Potemkin as her official lover, Alexis had the satisfaction of knocking out one of the eyes of his brother's rival, and then sought distraction in breeding horses. Before the formation of his stud, there was no breed of horses specially known as Russian trotters. The great founder of this strain of blood was an Arab which was called Smetanka and which was imported in 1775. United with a Dutch mare, he produced the stallion Polkan, who in 1784 sired Barss, whose dam was a Dutch mare. All the Orlof trotters are descended from the three sons of Barss: Lubeznoy, Dobroy, and Lebed. The dam of Lubeznoy was by an Arab out of a Mecklenburg mare. The dam of Dobroy was a thoroughbred English mare. The dam of Lebed was by Felkerzamchik out of a Mecklenburg mare; and Felkerzamchik was by Smetanka out of a thoroughbred English mare. The Dutch dam of Barss came from a breed that was famous for their

trotting powers and which had probably a good deal to say to the formation of the old Norfolk roadsters. Polkan's Danish dam is described as having been a strong, large-boned animal; and Barss, as a muscular horse with elegant trotting action. Count Alexis had at his stud in 1772, the following varied assortment of animals :—

Arab . . .	12	stallions and	10	mares.
Persian . .	3	,,	2	,,
English . .	20	,,	32	,,
Dutch . .	1	,,	8	,,
Danish . .	1	,,	3	,,
Mecklenburg	1	,,	5	,,
Miscellaneous	9	,,	17	,,

As might be expected from their breeding, the Orlof trotters are of no distinctive type, and are divided into heavy and light trotters. The majority of them indicate the possession of vulgar relations by their large and hairy fetlocks, fiddle heads and goose rumps. The cart strain as usual comes out in the head, legs and setting on of the tail; and the Eastern blood, in the body. Fig. 17 shows an Orlof trotter of fair harness type though not of high class. With inherited trotting faculty, long legs, and light and short body, many of them can trot at a great pace, but they are poor stayers. They admirably suit the requirements of fashionable Russians, who love to go as fast as their coachmen can drive them, even over the roughest cobble stone pavement, which of course does not suit the big fetlocks. They rarely stand more than a couple of years of this kind of work, and then they gradually descend towards the cab rank. As a rule, ordinary carriage horses of this blood stand over 15.3, and are black. The entires of this colour are exactly like the funeral horses which are imported into England. As subjects for illustrations I have taken chiefly grey horses; because that

colour comes out best in photographs. In Russia, it is not the custom to add carriage horses to the list of geldings. Some of the match trotters are very fast, and have got inside 2 minutes 20 seconds for the mile. A few of these trotters are of a nice harness type, being on comparatively short legs and showing a dash of Arab blood. The majority of this kind (Figs. 18 and 19) are grey. On first seeing them, I thought they were a distinct variety of Russian horses, but could obtain no data in support of that conjecture. They therefore appear to be chance produce which have thrown back more to the Arab than to the cart-horse. Eighteen years' acquaintance with Arabs in the East makes me sceptical of the justness of many of the claims to pure Arab descent made by owners on behalf of their animals. Few of the so-called Arabs met with in Turkey, Syria and Egypt are true Sons of the Desert. Even the large majority of animals termed Arabs that are sent from the Persian Gulf to Bombay every year, are Persians or non-descripts that figure under the title of Gulf Arabs. In England, despite the efforts made to spread information on this subject by Mr. Blunt, Miss Dillon and General Tweedie, ignorance about Arabs is almost as great as it is in Russia. As a case in point I may mention that I brought back about twelve years ago from India, a grey Arab pony called Magic which I sold to Mr. W. H. Walker. This animal was handsome, fast and carried his flag in true Arab style. He had been imported into Bombay from the Persian Gulf; but beyond that fact, nothing was known of his breeding. Yet our sapient stud-book authorities inscribe his name on their roll of equine nobility and omit that of New Oswestry! As no records of the breeding of the horses that are sent from the Persian Gulf are kept, we have to accept the word of their native importers, which appears to be good enough for Messrs. Weatherby. In India, knowing that the native dealers are entirely ignorant of the breeding of their animals,

Photo by] [*Mr. V. Zviegenzoff.*

FIG. 17.—An ordinary Orlof Trotter.

we pay no heed to their description, and for purchase, judge solely by looks and action. In fact, every horse imported from the Gulf is entitled to run as an Arab in India, and consequently that designation out there, is no distinguishing

Photo by] [*L. C. Gorodetzsky, Tzarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 18.—An Orlof Trotter.

mark of purity of blood. The last time I had the pleasure of speaking to poor Colonel Valentine Baker, when he was in Cairo, he fully agreed with me that the best Arabs were sent to India: what then, I may ask, are the others?

Colonel Ismailof in the catalogue of Russian horses which

he wrote for the Chicago Exposition of 1893, tells us that Professor Strachof and Jicharef, who were Moscow contemporaries of Count Orlof, described as follows the way in which he exercised his horses :

"In front of his mansion in Moscow he had built a race-course 1400 feet long (a little over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile), the ends of which were marked by four jaw-bones of whales. Old-timers assert that the Count's horses made this distance in less than 30 seconds, and they remember how a servant stood on the course with a large timepiece of the size of a soup plate, over the dial of which ran a big second hand, and how he reported the time made to the Count after the race; this time seldom exceeding 30 seconds. Coming to the end of the course the Count slowed up and made the semi-circular turn of about 400 feet at a good walking pace. Reaching the straight portion again, he pulled on the reins and again his horse trotted for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, making the turn at the other end slowly. When he had speeded one horse four times over the course, the Count released it and took his seat in another sleigh or *drojky*, racing the fresh horse also four times over the track." Colonel Ismailof tells us that "these exercises were a very important factor in the production of the trotting breed, as not only the stallions but also the mares, to which he paid a good deal of attention, were trained in this way. It is interesting to note that this system of exercising horses adopted by Count Orlof a hundred and twenty-six years ago is almost identical with that of Charles Marvin, the celebrated trainer of the Palo Alto stud. Mr. Marvin says in his book, *Training the Trotting Horse*: "I am not prepared to say that the length of the brush should ever be increased to over a quarter of a mile."

The servant who stood on the track with the soup plate dial and the second hand clamped to the half minute in *ante* sulkey and *ante* pneumatic tyre days, was evidently as

artful a diplomatist as his master. "Wha wad sup wi' the Deil, maun hae a lang spune."

Count Alexis Orlof died in 1810 and his widow sold the stud to the Russian Government in 1845. It exists now at Khrenovaya in the government of Varonej, which is to the south of Moscow. From this Orlof stud, all the other

Photo by] [*L. C. Gorodetzky, Tzarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 19.—A pair of Orlof Trotters.

Russian trotting studs were formed. The Grand Duke Dimitry purchased the country around Doubrovka from the Derfelden family, and formed a stud there in 1888 with pure Orlof trotters, pure Orlovo-Rostopchin saddle horses, English thoroughbreds, and pure Ardenne farm horses of the mountain type.

Count Rostopchin, who was a contemporary of Count

Alexis Orlof, was a great rival of his in horse-breeding. He bred only from English thoroughbreds and Arabs. His stud was also bought by the Russian Government and was mixed with the Orlof saddle horses, which were produced almost entirely from Arabs and English thoroughbred blood, with a dash of Danish. Therefore, Russian stud saddle horses are known as the Orlovo-Rostopchin breed.

Although Count Alexis Orlof undoubtedly did more than anyone else in developing the trotting strain in Russia, he was by no means the first who tried to improve the native horses by the admixture of foreign blood. Tooke (*View of The Russian Empire*), who lived in Russia during the last half of the eighteenth century, tells us that in the proper Russian provinces horses are so general, "that we seldom see a peasant, however poor his condition, who does not possess a horse or two; and excepting in the Ukraine, this animal is universally employed in the works of the field. It is somewhat curious that the genuine Russian horse, notwithstanding the great diversity of climate, of nurture, of attendance, of provender, etc., is almost everywhere uncommonly alike; have all ram-like heads, long and meagre neck, a broad breast, and are very compact. There are excellent runners among them; they are indefatigable and hardy, but not handsome, and withal extremely obstinate and shy. In several regions of the empire this native race has been ennobled by foreign stallions, and the Governments of Mosco, Tambof, Kazan, Simbirsk, with several others, produce large, beautiful and strong horses. Lithuania has always supplied the cavalry with this necessary; a good kind of pony is found in the district of Archangel, and for their fleetness and lasting powers the Livonian nags are very famous; but the genuine breed of them begins to be scarce. The Tartarian horses are of such known excellence, particularly for the use of light cavalry, that this species needs here no

further description. But the improvements that have been made in Taurida [Crimea] in some of the studs by the commixture with Turkish and Arabian horses, so as greatly to improve the native breed, deserves to be particularly noticed. The race which the Kozaks of the Euxine have introduced into the isle of Taman and along the river Kuban will far excel the Tartarian. The Caucasian horses are but little inferior to the Arabian in regard of beauty, spirit and docility, but the Bukharian pye-balls will dispute the palm with them in regard to the first of these advantages. To these mostly native races, the catalogue of which might be easily lengthened, may still be added some foreign breeds, particularly the Danish and English, the propagation of which is greatly attended to in the numerous studs belonging to the Crown, and in those of wealthy landlords. Of the Governments in which the breeding of horses is principally attended to, or where they are kept in studs, the principal are Mosco, Kharkof, Orel, Nijni-Novgorod, Simbirsk, Tambof, Voronetch, Kief, Ekatarinoslaf, Vosnesensk, Bratzlau, etc. Formerly the large horses for the cavalry were fetched from Prussia, Denmark, and other countries; at present they are taken out of the studs or brought up in the country. A Russian cavalry horse must not, according to the difference of the corps, be under two arshines two vershoks, or two arshines. In some of the cuirassier regiments we may see horses two arshines five vershoks in height." I may explain that an arshine is 28 inches; and a vershok, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch.

At the Doubrovka stud, they begin to have the mares covered on the 15th February, so as to save the year, as in England; and finish on the 1st July, both dates being Russian time, which is twelve days later than that of the Gregorian calendar observed by us. The young stock go through the following course of feeding and exercise: The foal remains with its dam for four to six months, according to the condition

of the youngster, and according to the length of time the mare may have been pregnant. If the foal does not thrive on its dam's milk, it is taken away after four months. Oats are given to the foal as well as to the dam, when the foal is from fourteen to twenty-one days old, and are gradually increased, so that it gets about $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. a day when it is weaned. At this stage, the young ones are taken to a mountainous and large paddock, where they are fed on oats, grass and hay and remain there until 1st October. If the grass turns hard and dry from the sun, each of them receives about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of carrots daily. They are all taught to drink milk, so that if they get strangles or any other debilitating disease, they may take milk readily without having to be drenched. Weakly foals are given as much as six quarts a day; rich milk being avoided. If there be any suspicion of tuberculosis with regard to the cows, these animals are tested with tuberculin. Tuberculosis is almost unknown among steppe cattle, which also exhibit considerable immunity to rinderpest. These cattle vary in colour from dark iron grey to light grey, cream or dirty white. They have thick curly hair on their foreheads, are capital beef producers, but the cows are poor milkers. From the 1st October (Russian style) all the foals are put to artificial exercise by being led—one boy to two foals—at a walk on a stone floor. At first, twenty-five minutes a day of this work is given ; the time being increased by about ten minutes a week, until it amounts to one and a half hours a day in three different periods. They are then on alternate days exercised at liberty in a riding school for a quarter of a mile to one and a half mile, and are taken in a drove for two to six miles at a walk ; though some of course run about in play.

The hours are as follows : They are watered and fed (with hay and oats) at 5 a.m. ; noon ; 4 p.m. ; and 7 p.m. At 8 p.m. they are given hay and are left for the night. At 6.30 a.m. they are exercised by being led for twenty to twenty-five

minutes, after which they are taken to their boxes, where they generally lie down. At about 8.30 a.m. they are worked at liberty in the *manège* or they go to the paddock, or later on to the steppe, which is equivalent to the South African *veldt*, and may be defined as a woodless plain. Those that are exercised at liberty in the school, are afterwards led about for fifteen to twenty minutes, so as to cool down. They are then taken back to their boxes, groomed, and left to rest.

Up to 1st October, the colts and fillies go together, and are boxed in pairs of the same sex. The entires are separated as soon as they begin to fight.

From 1st October, the quantity of oats is gradually augmented from 9 to 16 lbs. It is found that if the half-breds get as much corn as the thoroughbreds, they become fat and their muscles become imperfectly developed. Both the thoroughbred trotters and thoroughbred saddle horses stand corn well. From 1st March, the daily ration of oats is reduced to 9 lbs. ; but carrots are given, so as to accustom the youngsters to graze in the open. We must here bear in mind that the ground at this time is covered with snow or ice. From 23rd April to 1st June, they are turned out on the steppe, so as to obtain full advantage of the delicious and wholesome green grass that springs up at that time, during which there are no flies. For that period, these yearlings get no oats. From 1st June, oats are allowed in increasing quantities from $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. to 9 lbs. Their breaking for trap work is begun when they are eighteen to twenty months old, and is completed in a month or six weeks. After that, they are again sent to the steppe with men who act as cow-boys, to be exercised and watered. The saddle horses get the same feeding and breaking as the thoroughbred trotters, but the half-breds are not broken until a year later.

With reference to the question of feeding foals on the milk of cows, it is interesting to note that this milk is much more

nutritious than that of mares and should consequently be diluted with water when used for the purpose under consideration. An addition of $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of water and 1 oz. of sugar to a pint of cows' milk, will make it about equal in strength and sweetness to mares' milk. The disease, tuberculosis, to which reference has been made, is the same malady as consumption in human beings. When it occurs in horses, it appears to have been invariably transmitted by cows' milk. In England, probably over 20 per cent. of horned cattle suffer from tuberculosis. Sims Woodhead and other high medical authorities consider that the large percentage of tubercular diseases in children is due to drinking the milk of affected cows. At present, the prevention of tuberculosis in cattle is a burning question among English agriculturists. This disease appears to be absent from the cattle of Japan, which is a country I have visited.

Tuberculin is an extract of the germs (bacilli) of tuberculosis, and is used in the form of inoculations for testing animals as to the presence or absence of this disease in them. The test, which is liable to about 10 per cent. of failures, is supposed to indicate the disease as a rule, if there is a rise of at least $2\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ F. in the temperature of the animal after inoculation. With respect to this test, there are several modifying circumstances to which I need not here allude. Whenever we have had rinderpest (cattle plague) in Great Britain, we seem to have derived it from Russia.

The Orlovo-Rostopchin saddle horses at Doubrovka did not please me; for they were essentially light harness animals. I would not call a horse a saddle horse, let alone a hunter, unless he had long, flat, oblique shoulders, light fore hand, blood legs with plenty of bone, and strong hocks.

CHAPTER IV

SHANDROVKA

Russian Politeness—Drinking a Fly—Steppe Horses—The Lasso—Haltering Horses—Breaking in a Wild One—Kicked over—Rough Riding Kalmouks—An Imperial Cigarette Case—Bargaining—*Double Poneys*—Mr. Hothersall—Half-bred Hackneys—An Engagement—A lost Friend.

WHEN we got into the train and left Doubrovka behind, I found that General Derfelden was less depressed than before; possibly because he had seen me do some breaking for Colonel Ismailof and had approved of it. But here again was the objection that the horses at Doubrovka were quiet stud-breds and not wild steppe animals. I was glad to learn from the General that the Russians are the politest people in the world; but as he had seen few countries besides his own, I was at a loss to know how he could have formed a conclusion that embraced all the nations of both hemispheres. He trotted out for my edification the Russian stock yarn, that if a Russian lights a match for his cigarette in company with another man who has an unlighted cigarette, he will first offer the light to his companion and then set fire to his own paper and baccy. A Frenchman in similar circumstances, so he said, will light his own cigarette and then hand the match to the other individual; but an Englishman will light his own cigarette in the first instance, and will then chuck the lucifer away, without offering it for further employment. I laughed; not because the story struck home, but because I remembered that on many such

occasions, Englishmen, Colonials, Americans and Africanders, instead of offering me only a lighted match, have supplemented it with an excellent cigar and a request to know what I would drink. That supposed test of nationality reminds me of the equally stupid English story that one can tell from what country a man comes, by the way he comports himself with a glass of beer in which there is a fly; for a Frenchman will remove the insect and drink the malt, a German will drink both, and a Britisher will throw the beer away and have a fresh glass. My experience of the world, which is a great deal wider than that of General Derfelden, is that neither virtues nor vices are the monopoly of any nation.

At last we arrived in the early morning at the small station of Varvarovka, which is on the Lozovaya-Savastopol line, and then a bitterly cold drive of about eighteen miles over a rough bridle track brought us to Shandrovka, where we were hospitably received by the colonel in charge. Shandrovka is in the desolate steppes of the Dnieper, far away from any town, and consists only of a few officers' houses, some huts for the men, stables and paddocks. After luncheon, we adjourned to have a walk through the paddocks, which contained about five hundred freshly caught remounts. Being anxious to get to work, I was only too glad to accept General Derfelden's suggestion to show him something, and accordingly demonstrated in a practical manner how steppe horses could be caught and haltered without being lassoed. The horses of the steppes may be divided into two classes, namely, semi-wild animals like those on the Kirgis and Kalmouk steppes, and horses at liberty, though under more or less supervision, like those of the Don and its affluents. On the Kirgis and Kalmouk steppes, each stallion has his *kossiak* or troop of fifteen to twenty brood mares, which are generally chosen by the stallion and are protected by him. The young mares which have not had a foal and the geldings

keep together without apparently any form of equine government. Several *kossiaks* form what is called in Russian, a *tabounc*, which may consist of hundreds and sometimes thousands of animals, that have to shift for themselves. These horses are brought up much in the same way as those on Montana ranches. The horses of the Don are provided to a greater or less extent with food, are often given shelter during bad weather, and attention is paid to their breeding. In their bringing up, we may compare them to horses that

FIG. 20.—A Kalmouk and his Lasso.

are raised in Australia for export to India. On all the steppes, the horses are caught by means of a lasso, of which we see an example coiled up and hanging from the side of the saddle occupied by the Kalmouk in Fig. 20. This method of capture as practised in Russia, often causes severe and not unfrequently fatal injuries, and has the further serious objection that in any case it hurts the part of the neck which is close to the head, to a greater or less extent, and consequently renders the animal difficult to bridle, and sometimes

even to approach. Every horseman knows that "head-shyness" is one of the worst of vices. My procedure in catching a wild horse which is at liberty, is the old English plan of driving him into an enclosure (yard, corral, or *kraal*), getting him into a corner and putting a halter on his head by means of a long pole. The great art in this manœuvre is to induce the horse to stand still by touching and rubbing his crest with the end of the pole, which is an operation every horse enjoys, especially those whose manes are full of dirt and insects. Although we cannot expect the broncho to stand quite placidly, I have never found the slightest trouble in slipping the halter on an unspoiled wild horse in this manner. Before going to Russia, my experience in catching horses which had never been touched by man, was confined to the *veldt* horses of Cape Colony, Transvaal, Orange Free State and Natal. In those parts, the animals in question were of course as wild as hawks, but there was no trouble in driving them into a *kraal*, and once I had got them there, the slipping on of a halter was as easy as falling off a log; for the very good reason that they weren't head-shy and liked their manes to be scratched. The head-shyness of the steppe horses which have been lassoed, took a fair amount of getting over; but patience conquers all things. I need hardly say that horses intended to be captured in the way I advocate, would not have been spoiled by the lasso. Of course, every Russian to whom I proposed this innovation ridiculed its introduction to the steppes, where, I was gravely informed, there were no enclosures to drive horses into. The possibility that the construction of a *kraal*, which two men and a boy could accomplish in a few days, was not beyond the resources of Russian civilisation, did not suggest itself to my critics. If horses are worth catching, they are certainly worth the small trouble and slight expense of making an enclosure, which need not be larger than a square of

thirty yards side. General Derfelden being a practical man, was greatly taken with this idea, and made me illustrate it again and again for the benefit of the Kalmouk horse attendants.

I also did a little bye-play—the November evenings were then very short—with a powerful chestnut gelding which I was told I could take in hand next day. Having been informed that none of the remounts were more than three and a half years, I could not help thinking that my chestnut friend was particularly well furnished for that age, and that he must have been unusually precocious to have acquired so early all the tricks and vice which he loved to exhibit on anyone who ventured to approach him. In the evening I was glad to see that the climate of Shandrovka appeared to agree with the General; for he was in far better spirits at dinner than I had hitherto seen him.

Next day, after we had spent much time at the haltering game, which however was of great importance in remount depôt work, I had another interview with the chestnut, who, although he had been haltered, proved extremely difficult to handle. In fact he was by far the worst horse I had ever seen. At last he let me bridle and saddle him, and as darkness was coming on, we adjourned for the night and for dinner, at which the General was in still better form. Next morning as we strolled down to the paddocks, I vowed to myself that at any cost I'd take the nonsense out of that chestnut in double-quick time. He was led out by a long rope which was attached to his halter, and to the end of which ten or twelve men hung on while carefully keeping out of his reach. He knew my voice and let me stroke his head, neck, and shoulders. Emboldened by my success and seeing the General and the remount officers shivering in the icy blast though well wrapped up in the thickest of furs, I thought I would do a bit of show-off by pulling the horse's

head round to the near side by the leading rein held in my left hand, and then catching his tail with my right hand as he swung his hind-quarters to the off side. I intended after that to make him waltz round with me so fast and so long that the remainder of the gentling would only be an affair of a few minutes! This time it was a case of making up the reckoning without consulting the host; for the moment the horse's head came round in response to the sharp jerk I gave the leading rein, and his tail was grasped by the fingers of my outstretched right hand, the chestnut pulled me on to him by whisking his head round to the off side, and before I could get clear he landed me a beautiful straight kick with his near hind full on the left side of the throat between jaw-bone and collar-bone. Never was a neater knock down given; for he lifted me clean off my legs and deposited me on the flat of my back on the ground, as easily and as simply as a mother would lift her baby in her arms and put it to repose in its cradle. My Russian friends thought that the show was ended by the death of the too confiding performer; but luckily as the chestnut delivered his blow, I saw it coming, and with the instinct of an old boxer, I drew back and escaped without even a scratch, though I had a slight crick in my neck for some time after. The quite undeserved *kudos* which I received for picking myself up and continuing the show, as if the kick had been a previously arranged part of the performance, made an excellent impression on the spectators. Not receiving an *encore* for the tail business, I tied up one of the horse's fore legs, fixed him up so that he could not buck, and then got Dick to mount. When the animal found that he could do nothing, he laid down and Dick prudently slipped off on the other side. I then held him on the ground with his head pulled round, so as to prevent him from rising when he felt that way inclined, which he did in about ten minutes. The desperate though

ineffectual struggles which he made to get up during the succeeding quarter of an hour, took all the nonsense out of him, and when I at last allowed him to arise, he stood before us as a horse which needed only due repetition of discipline to become a thoroughly reformed character. I gave him after that, a lesson with the long reins and wound up by getting Dick to ride him quietly about and turn him in whatever direction he wished. General Derfelden was quick to perceive that the feeling of powerlessness to buck which the animal experienced when Dick was in the saddle, was the best possible means for ensuring the horse's future good behaviour. The General was delighted with the breaking and was in such excellent spirits, that it at last began to dawn on my dull comprehension that the cause of his previous depression was his conviction that I had nothing new and at the same time useful to show. He told me in the most generous manner that I had entirely converted him, and said all sorts of nice things about the work.

After my part of the play was over and after I had taught some of the Cossacks to do the haltering trick with a long stick, at which they proved apt pupils, the General kindly gave me a show of breaking *à la* Kalmouk. On receiving the order, ten or a dozen of these bold horsemen, who for dare-devilry are like unto the *sowars* of the Bengal Cavalry, brought forward by a leading rope a horse that they had recently caught and haltered, and at a given signal rushed at him, seized him by the headstall, ears, forelock, mane and neck, so as to hold his head down and thus prevent him from "playing up," while they saddled and bridled him by force. As soon as the gear was on, one of them was hoisted into the saddle, and then all let go, with the result that the horse bucked with such fury and skill that the man, though he was a good rough-rider, got thrown, and the horse galloped as hard as he could across the plain. Some of the men who

were mounted, were evidently waiting for this turn of affairs; for they started off in hot pursuit without delay. The chase lasted for about a quarter of an hour and then the truant was brought back with some of the fight left in him; for he succeeded in putting down the second man who got on him. Another pursuit, another capture, and the now tired horse failed to get his rider off. The Kalmouks enjoyed the sport immensely. I need hardly say that horses broken in this manner, rarely if ever forget the fact that when they were fresh, they had been able to throw their man. Besides, the method of catching them with a lasso, as I have already said, and the plan of hanging on to their ears, naturally renders them shy of being handled about the head, which as we all know is a detestable vice. It goes almost without saying, that the process of making a horse quiet to be handled and mounted is only the first step in breaking, the grand principle of which lies in the axiom that a horse with a good mouth can do no wrong.

I spent an enjoyable evening after all my hard work, which I did without coat or waistcoat with the perspiration streaming off me, while the thermometer stood at many degrees below zero. The General was full of what he had seen, and went over every detail and explanation with such accuracy that I knew he had followed me with interest and appreciation, which was very gratifying to me, especially as I felt sure he would send a favourable report about me to the Grand Duke. The General had the head man of the Cossacks up to the house of the colonel with whom we were staying, and we kept discussing the question of catching wild horses and making halters till it was very late. Before we retired for the night, I laughingly said that the chestnut had a wonderful mouth for a three and a half year old; for when I opened it, I found that he had not a single colt's tooth in his head. "We got a devil for you, and you conquered

him," replied the General with a smile, and I went to bed happy.

About a fortnight after we returned to St. Petersburg, I received from the Grand Duke Nicholas through Colonel Kasnakof, a silver cigarette case with the Imperial crown and His Imperial Highness' monogram mounted in diamonds and sapphires, as a souvenir of my breaking trip. The honour of his distinguished appreciation was infinitely more gratifying to me than even his valuable gift, which is certainly the most costly and beautiful cigarette case I have ever seen. I was almost equally glad to learn that he was delighted with the horse I sold him.

I met Colonel Kasnakof, who was still in raptures with his mare, and he told me that General Derfelden on his return from Shandrovka had spent an evening with the Grand Duke Nicholas, to whom he gave a full description of my breaking. The Grand Duke was particularly interested in the method of catching horses with a long pole and halter, and he and his guests, among whom was I believe Colonel Kasnakof, amused themselves by trying to entrap each other in this manner.

Colonel Kasnakof told me that the Grand Duke wished to give me an engagement to teach my methods of breaking at the remount depôts (*cadres*) the following autumn. I expressed my willingness to accept the offer, but could learn nothing about the pay, the amount of which I naturally wanted His Imperial Highness to state. Colonel Kasnakof tried to impress on me the great importance of the honour such an appointment would confer on me; but I desired something more substantial than glory. I suggested 100 guineas a month, which must have appeared outrageously high; for the Colonel told me that no Russian field-marshal gets so much. He asked me to say something moderate; because, so he said, the Grand Duke could not bargain (*marchander*).

"But," I replied, "His Royal Highness *marchandé'd* with me for the grey gelding." This indiscreet remark closed the conversation. General Derfelden also tried to bring me to reason, and represented to me that the Grand Duke had nothing to say to the granting of money, which was entirely the affair of the Minister of War, who, so the General said, was of a very economical turn of mind. Finally, General Palitzyne, who is chief of the Cavalry Staff, desired me to communicate in writing my views and terms through him to the Minister of War. In the letter I sent in, I asked for a six months' engagement, which I thought would be long enough, 80 guineas (800 roubles) a month, and first-class travelling expenses.

As the breaking season would not commence until the following August, I prepared to go home; but before doing so, I picked up some more orders for horses. Mr. von Dervis, who is a very rich Guardsman, asked me to bring him out two Irish "cob-hunter" mares, about 15.1 high, with short backs, long reins, good fore legs, small heads, high set up tails, fine action, very showy, and dead quiet. As I have never gone in for the cob-hunter style of animal, I suggested "something of the blood weight-carrying polo pony type, only a bit bigger." "Not that sort at all. I hate thoroughbreds," he replied. As I could find no dictionary that gave a definition of a "cob-hunter," I consulted Colonel Kasnakof, who told me that Mr. von Dervis wanted "*double poneys*." Here at last I had something I could go on; for I remembered that Goubeau and Barrier's *Extérieur du Cheval* contains a description of a "*double poney*." A perusal of that work convinced me that the required cob-hunters must have a hackney cross.

On returning to England, I advertised, attended Warner, Sheppard and Wade's, as well as Tattersall's, and consulted dealers and horsey men by the score; but in vain, for I could

not find a suitable "*double poney*," let alone a "cob-hunter" in England. At last I luckily wrote to Mr. Morton the well-known hackney breeder of Ballymena, Ireland, giving him a description of the animal I had in my mind's eye. He most kindly told me that the very animal I was in search of had been bought recently near Ballymena by Mr. Hothersall the Preston dealer. On the following day I was in Preston, and at last beheld the cob-hunter of my disturbed dreams. Seeing that she looked like an extraordinary fine specimen of the, to English eyes, harness class of horse which Mr. Oppenheimer, the great Hanover dealer, sends to Russian officers, I said to Mr. Hothersall: "If I didn't positively know that that mare was Irish, I'd have bet my life that she was a German and that she belonged to Oppenheimer." "She *will* belong to Oppenheimer if you don't take her; for he buys as many of that sort as he can get," replied the Preston dealer. I bought her.

The mare in question was by a hackney sire out of an Irish hunting mare. She used to lift her feet up, cock her tail, arch her neck, and carry herself as if the whole road and the houses on each side of it belonged to her. She was short in the back, long in the rein, had legs of iron, was of a beautiful dark bay without any white; and if she was a bit thick in the shoulders, there is no ridge and furrow, let alone oxers and "cut and laid" hedges in Russia. On a second trip to Preston, I bought a nearly similar mare with the same hackney cross, though of a lighter and better bred type. I also purchased a handsome four-year-old chestnut Irish mare, 16 hands high, and the type of a very showy weight-carrying Continental charger. She too had the hackney cross; but had thrown back to her sire, a thoroughbred. She had that peculiarly easy, high-stepping walk which is immensely admired by Continental officers.

I freely confess that I would not care to hunt in The

Shires on horses even like this chestnut mare, if I were able to get animals of the long, flat-shouldered sort, like the grey gelding I sold to the Grand Duke Nicholas; but the requirements of Russians are not the same as those of Leicestershire men, who care little or nothing for looks or high action, so long as their mounts can cross a difficult country boldly and safely, can gallop and stay, and have good manners.

At present in England there are only two kinds of saddle horses, namely, racehorses (including flat racehorses, chasers and hurdle racers) and hunters, with their dwarf representatives polo ponies. The cycle has killed the park hack; and no one wants a horse on a road except in a trap. Whether for racing or for crossing a country, we must have a horse with light shoulders and neck; in fact, the very opposite to those possessed by the hackney. As I have said before, the riding requirements of Continental people are different to ours; and if the hackney suits, as it appears to do, large dealers like Mr. Oppenheimer, I have no doubt it will pay breeders in Ireland to use this cross with a view to the Continental riding market, as well as to the home light harness trade.

About this time when I was at home, I received a letter from General Palitzyne accepting my terms for a six months' engagement to begin on the first of the following September, and also a letter from Colonel Kasnakof telling me that the mare I had brought out for him had turned roarer, and that if I wished to preserve his good opinion of me, I would send him out another in exchange for her. I replied that such a demand made for the first time, five months after he had received her, and after his repeated expressions of satisfaction, was out of the question, and that I did not choose to purchase anyone's good opinion. Knowing that many horses go wrong in their wind in Russia, on account of the unsanitary conditions which exist in the vast majority of stables belonging to

Russian gentlemen, I naturally concluded that this nice mare had become similarly affected. As she was seven years old and had shown no musical tendencies up to the time I parted with her, it was, I felt, most unjust to put the responsibility of her supposed malady on my shoulders. I was very much annoyed at being treated in this manner, especially as the mare had fulfilled every requirement demanded of her. To anticipate events, I may mention that on my next visit to Russia, I found that my whilom friend had told everyone that I had treated him in a shameful way about this mare, who in reality was the handsomest and best mannered blood hack it was possible to find. A year afterwards, on my fourth visit to Russia, I met Sorel, who informed me that the mare was all right in her wind, and that consequently Colonel Kasnakof was all right as far as I was concerned, so I ought to call on him, which of course I did not do. It appears that the mare had caught a cold, the temporary effects of which were regarded by those about her, as permanent unsoundness. Even if she had turned a roarer, I was in no way responsible for her keeping healthy for the remainder of her life, especially as she was of an age at which no horse goes wrong in its wind except from some exciting cause, such as inflammation of the lungs and catarrh, which are frequent maladies in hot, badly-ventilated stables like those of the Chevaliers Gardes.

CHAPTER V

THIRD TRIP TO RUSSIA

Horses in the Baltic during Winter—Riding in St. Petersburg—Stable Mismanagement—General Strukof—Prince Louis Napoleon—Horse Show—Railway Travelling—Beer and Spirits.

IN March 1898, I embarked on board the Wilson S.S. *Hidalgo*, which is sister ship to the *Rinaldo*. Mr. Little the Russian Line manager and Captain Gordon did their best to make me and the horses comfortable. My lot consisted of the three half-bred hackneys which I had bought from Mr. Hothersall and a thoroughbred entire that had won some races. We were bound for Reval, as the Neva was frozen. Although it was bitterly cold, and the horses were clipped, were in boxes on deck, and had only a warm suit of clothing and a rug on them, they kept in excellent health. The fact that many owners accept a sleek appearance of coat as a proof that the groom has been expending elbow grease liberally in the stable, is no doubt the cause of gentlemen's horses being as a rule overclothed when they are in box or stall. Clothing horses too warmly not only renders them unduly liable to chill when they are taken outside, but also fatigues and enervates them. My experience leads me to the conclusion that no healthy horse is benefited by more clothing in the stable, than a single, thick blanket rug, or a stout kersey quarter sheet. It is evident that when a horse is protected from the wind by a stable, and has a comfortable

bed under foot, especially if he has liberty to move about, as in a loose box, he will keep far warmer than in the open, even when the latitude is a long way south of the Gulf of Finland.

I landed the horses at Reval, and came in the box with them to St. Petersburg, where I put them up in the Galerniya Street riding school, which was then carried on by a Polish Jew and an Anglo-Russian, neither of whom was distinguished by business capacity. As little was done in the place, I generally had full use of the school, which was very small for a Continental one, being only about 15 yards wide and 30 yards long. The Petersburg public cannot be said to go in much for riding. In this city of over a million inhabitants, there are only two public riding schools: that in the Galerniya, and a slightly larger one situated in the Semenovsky Platz, and which is well managed by two Germans of the name of Bosse. These two *manèges* are the only places for civilians to ride in during the seven or eight months of winter, and in summer there is nowhere else to ride except the paved streets. The supply of riding accommodation is amply sufficient for the Russian demand; because nine-tenths of the users of the two schools are foreigners, the large majority of whom are Germans. Those of us who have lived in Germany, know that the Germans are very fond of riding, although their country does not admit of fox-hunting. Judging by the numbers who frequent the beautiful Thiergarten, compared to which our Rotten Row is a very humble affair, the percentage of riders in Berlin is probably at least five times that of those in London. Nowadays in England, riding is almost entirely confined to people who hunt and race. The cavalry riding schools in Petersburg are large and numerous.

Mr. von Dervis was enchanted with one of the mares I brought out for him, but did not like the better bred and smarter mare, which I thought the more valuable of the two. As he considered his favourite was well worth the money

he had given for both ; he and I were well satisfied with the deal. He asked me to pay him a visit at his large breeding stud, but unfortunately I never had time to accept his kind invitation. I made the chestnut mare very nice and handy in the school in about ten days' time, and then sold her to Colonel Derfelden, the General's brother, for £140. She was subsequently sold to carry the Grand Duchess Vladimir for, I believe, 250 guineas.

While I was in Petersburg this time, I went to see the grey gelding I had sold to the Grand Duke Nicholas, and found him fat and in a very neglected condition. He was shod with high calkins (!), which made him walk as if he was on stilts. It appears that the Grand Duke's coachman did not approve of wasting time in having horses exercised, and Lüpke, who was the *Bereiter*, being in love with one of the girls of the circus, was more than content to let matters slide. Lüpke was a smart Germano-Russian and had been in Ciniselli's circus before he went to the Grand Duke. He had not much idea of riding, though he had lots of pluck. Acting on the advice of Sorel, who had been in the circus with Lüpke,. I gave this Baltic Province boy a tenner to stimulate him in looking after the grey gelding. He admired so much the breeches I rode in, that I gave him a fellow pair to them. Then he got so uneasy in his mind over a scarf-pin, that I let him have it, lest he would do the gelding an injury. My only consolation now is, that he got the order of the boot from the Grand Duke, and that the circus girl, whom he married, wears the metaphorical and possibly my breeches. If I could only learn that she stuck the pin into him, I'd be quite happy. The way nice horses got messed about by incompetent people is sickening.

Knowing that during my horse-breaking engagement I would in all probability come under the orders of General Strukof, who is head of the Remount Department, I called

on him as an act of civility. He did little to conceal the annoyance he felt at meeting an individual who was impious enough to think that any improvement could be made in the existing order of things. He said not very civilly: "You imagine we are a lot of barbarians who do not know how to break in horses." I denied the accusation in the meekest possible way, tried to turn the conversation on to the weather, bowed my lowest and departed. General Strukof is a rich man, he has a large and fine house on the English Quay, close to the Galerniya riding school, he had command of the Guard cavalry regiment which is now under the orders of Prince Louis Napoleon, and is a critic of horses who is supposed by himself to know most of the game, because he sits on the fence.

I met Prince Louis Napoleon two or three times at the Galerniya riding school. He appears an amiable man, is I believe a good officer, and he speaks English very well.

As the theatres and circus are closed during Lent in Petersburg, the people amuse themselves by going to the Concours Hippiques or Horse Show, which is held in the very large Imperial riding school that is in the Michaelsky Ploshad. The chief attraction is the jumping competitions, which are confined to officers and a few other amateurs, and resemble in a small way similar affairs at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. On the last day I was there, the darling of the crowd was a Cossack officer who, whenever his horse made a mistake, which was often, rolled off and then remounted amid the frenzied plaudits of the spectators, who were bitterly disappointed that the heroism of this brave man was not rewarded by his getting the first prize.

Having nothing further to keep me in Russia, I returned home by Berlin, which makes a pleasant resting-place in the middle of the fifty-two hours' railway journey from Petersburg to Flushing. The Russian second-class carriages from

Petersburg to the frontier at Wirballen are generally uncomfortably crowded, and a sleeping-car berth is necessary for repose at night. Unfortunately the supply of these luxuries is so narrowly limited on this line, that places have to be secured several days in advance. All the first and second class carriages are on the corridor plan, and frequent halts are made *en route* at wayside restaurants for food and drink; because no dining-car carriage is attached to any train. From Eydtkunen, which is the German frontier town and is about five miles from Wirballen, there is ample sleeping-car accommodation, and the second-class carriages leave nothing to be desired. The way to combine comfort and economy when travelling between Petersburg and Flushing, is to go second class and take a sleeping-car berth, by which one escapes the ordinary Russian second-class carriages. The Flushing route, either to or from London, is to be preferred to that of the Hook of Holland; because the Dutch trains run in connection with the steamers at Flushing, but not with those at the Hook.

I like Berlin for the beer one can get there, especially when that drink takes the form of Dortmund Union Bier. Except at good hotels and high-class restaurants, it is most difficult for a wayfarer in England to get a glass of beer worth drinking; a fact which is no doubt due to the legalised tyranny of English brewers, combined with the stupid ignorance of the temperance party. This ill-assorted confederation are unfortunately strong enough to restrict the number of public-houses and beer-shops, almost all of which are consequently converted into "tied houses," whose occupants are forced to sell what the brewers choose to give them. The idea that a man living in a street in which there was a large percentage of beer-shops, would drink more than if he resided in a street having a small percentage of these useful places of call, is as reasonable as the notion

that one would sleep for longer periods in a house of many beds, than in one possessing few. With competition, Mr. Bung would have to rely on the quality of his malt for his livelihood. At present, as I have personally seen, English ale has been to a very large extent superseded by German beer in India, China and South Africa, for the very sufficient reason that it is not so good. I have asked several brewers why their English brethren have let this export trade slip from them, and have invariably received the reply, that the home trade pays them better than the foreign. Naturally, they did not add that the former is in their hands, but that the latter is open to competition. Although the Russian beer is not as good as the German, it is a long way in front of the ordinary "bitter" to be obtained from the nearest English public-house. Even if unlimited licensing was considered unadvisable for public-houses; surely no objection could be taken to its application to places where only beer was sold. The warmest defender of British beer could hardly be rash enough to say a good word for the quality of the spirits that are sold over the retail counter in these isles. They manage these things better in Russia, where alcohol is a Government monopoly, and every drop issued is free from adulteration of any kind. Consequently, when a Russian gets drunk on his favourite *vodka*, he may become speechless and paralysed; but, as a preliminary to that state, he does not exhibit the vagaries of a rabid dog or dangerous lunatic in the manner beloved by a large number of Englishmen on a Saturday night. "Difference of national temperament" is the reply I have often received to this statement. Not wishing that such a grave and unjust accusation should be made against the English, I hasten to affirm that our nation's temperament is all right, but it's the national drink that is all wrong. Having drank many a glass of whisky and *vodka*, I know what I am talking about!

As a really nice though not absolutely teetotal drink, I can recommend one part of the best Riga *kümmel* to four or five parts of *vodka*, neither of which beverages can stand admixture with any form of water. *Vodka* contains 45 per cent. of absolute alcohol.

CHAPTER VI

RETURN TO ST. PETERSBURG

Hôtel d'Angleterre—Schotte—Tips—Wasters—The British Trader—Horses and Asses—Meat in St. Petersburg.

I LEFT Hull about the middle of August 1898 by the S.S. *Hidalgo*, and arrived in St. Petersburg after a pleasant week's voyage with Captain Gordon and his passengers. Although this steamer and her mate the *Rinaldo* are slow, they are very comfortable; because the saloon and cabins are well forward out of the vibratory influence of the propeller, and the respective masters keep a good table and are cheery companions.

I put up at my old quarters, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which faces St. Isaac's Cathedral, and is a few doors down the side of the square shown in Fig. 21. Schotte, the manager, is a capital fellow, and always does his best to make his visitors comfortable. He is polyglot, attentive, and however full the hotel may be, he is always able to find room for a fresh arrival before it is time to retire for the night. Schotte, in a manner similar to that in which a perfect barmaid acts, by absolute impartiality in the distribution of civility, makes each customer think that he is the best treated guest in the place. I like the commodious reading and writing room, which is next the *salle à manger*, and which is amply supplied with English, German and French, as well as Russian daily and weekly newspapers. Consequently it is greatly frequented

by foreigners, among whom there are a large number of English and American tourists and Anglo-Russian residents.

I like the 75 kopeck (1s. 7d.) breakfast at which one gets satisfying helpings from two dishes of which there are a large assortment, and no extra charge for butter, as in the other hotels; and I like the well-bearded hall porter, who is a walking "Enquire within." As he comes from the Baltic Provinces, he of course speaks German and his native Lettish. Having lived in Paris and Liverpool for some years, he is fluent in French and English, and he has that talent which none but *dvorniks* of the highest class possess, of being able to understand what five or six excited people all speaking different tongues at the same time, are saying to him. I have a soft spot in my heart for hall porters of his type; for they get no pay, and have to live on the tips they obtain by the exercise of a constant desire to oblige. But above all I like the night porter, who is the only servant—and he a Russian—that has ever remonstrated with me for giving him what he thought too large a tip. He is a mild, pensive-faced man of about forty years of age, and his eyes are somewhat dimmed by the long vigils he has to keep, especially as he has to spend most of the day in taking messages in order to support himself and his family. I often took him with me when rambling through the city and buying things, on which occasions my interests were his interests. One day I asked a commissionaire of the hotel how it was that the night porter objected to be paid more than his due, and why he would not let me be cheated when he went with me to the market? The man replied that the porter was a fool, and that it was very wrong of him not to try and make more money than he did for his wife and children.

Another friend of mine was the burly and cheerful *izvozchik* (cab-driver) shown in Fig. 22. He was one of the four cabbies who had the privilege of waiting outside the

Hôtel d'Angleterre, and had always a smile and a pleasant word for me whenever I saw him. On the morning I "took" him outside St. Isaac's, the temperature was below 7° F., so his horse wore the regulation short rug. This animal was of the black funeral Orlof type, and had seen better days.

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 21.—Corner of St. Isaac's Square and the Bolshaya Morskaya Street.

People who have been in Russia are wont to say that tips play a larger part in that country than in any other portion of the globe. Although this statement is open to doubt, there is no question that the hankering after tips takes a more offensive form in Russia than anywhere else. No ordinary Englishman objects to give ten shillings to the

groom or a sovereign (to say nothing of paper) to the game-keeper after a day's hunting or shooting at a friend's place; but the obligation in Russia to deliver up that tuppence-ha'-penny (10 kopecks) to the man who opens the door, and the same fee to the Johnnie who takes one's overcoat, every time one goes into a restaurant, is an intolerable infliction.

To one accustomed to the "remittance man" of the Colonies, and the European loafer of India, St. Petersburg appears to be singularly free from the English waster element. It is true that on rare occasions a fellow-countryman will tell the tale and try to borrow a bit to go on with; or, in the old familiar way, will on seeing a bottle of whisky in the middle of a party of strange brother Britons, come smiling up to the table, seat himself down and make a thirsty remark about the weather. But such men do not stay long in the great city by the Neva; for the Russian authorities have an effective method, admirable to those who like to pay their way, of removing out of their capital all human waifs and strays whether native or foreign. There are very few beggars, and even they solicit alms in a furtive and abashed manner that shows a struggle between want and fear of detection. In the interior, mendicity is as much a trade, as it is in Spain, Italy, Ireland or India, and is so much respected that the pious expression, *Bokh swami* (God be with you = may God help you) is the recognised form of refusing to part.

Russia must be a happy hunting-ground for Englishmen of commerce; for I have rarely seen one of them at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is a great resort of the British trader, without the "materials" in front of him. These gentlemen tell me, that to do business with Russians, one must drink. They are lucky in having an occupation that combines duty and pleasure. Several months' intercourse with commercial men at this hotel and elsewhere throughout

the world, convinces me that the English bagman, as a rule, is inferior in education, industry and sobriety to his German and Scandinavian *confrères.*

The Academy of Sciences (*Akademia Naok*), which will be open to the public in about a year's time, is a vast treasure-house of scientific facts. Wanting to investigate the question whether either the Tarpan or Prejevalsky's wild horse is or

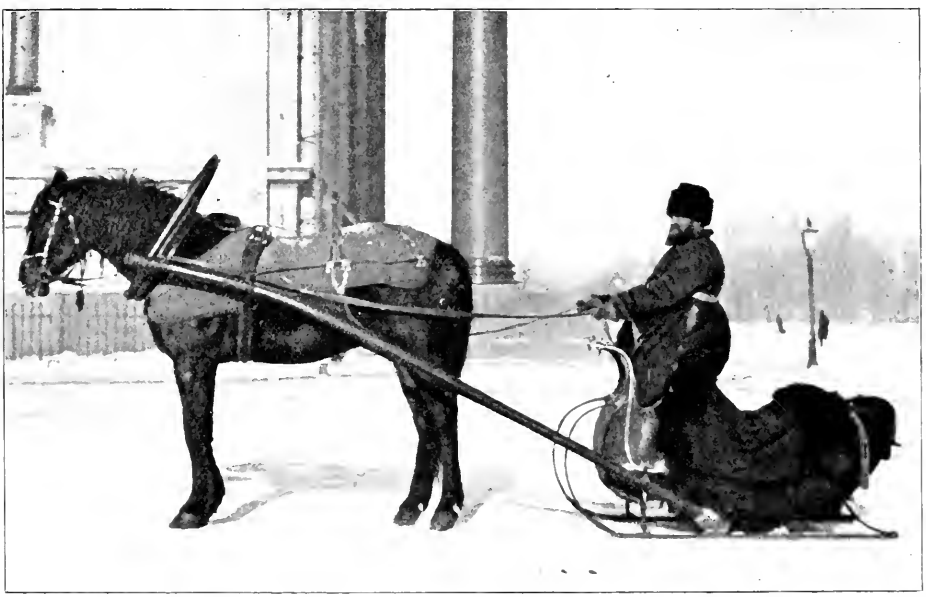

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 22.—An *Izvozchik.*

is not a missing link between the ordinary animal (*Equus caballus*) and the ass, striped or plain, I sought admittance into the natural history section of this museum, and succeeded in passing through its doors, thanks to the kindness of the Director and Curator, Dr. Buchner. I may explain that the Tarpans are a wild breed of ponies which are found in Siberia and in Central Asia. The Russian naturalist, Poliakof,

states that they are mouse-coloured, of a lighter shade under the belly than elsewhere, and that their legs are black below the knees and hocks. The ponies discovered by Prejevalsky, are to be met with near Lake Lob Nor in Central Asia. Dr. Buchner showed me the stuffed skin of a young Prejevalsky horse and the skull of a six or seven year old member of that breed. He considers that it is a true horse, and that it in no way furnishes a link between the horse and the ass, with which opinion I fully agree, after having made a careful examination of these specimens. The young animal whose skin I saw, was of a light brown colour, with the hair of the inside of the legs and underneath part of the belly, of a lighter shade than that of the other portions of the body. It had castors (chestnuts) on its hind legs as well as on its fore extremities, and had neither a stripe down its back, nor horizontal stripes on the legs, both of which markings I have often seen on horses in India. The head and ears were those of a horse, and the tail and mane were those of a yearling brought up in a wild state. To judge by this specimen, this breed differs but little from the ponies of the Shan States (Upper Burma). All that can be said about them with certainty, is that they are a wild race of ponies which have probably never been subjected to the control of man.

The remarks just made suggest the question: what is the difference between a horse and an ass? Quoting from *Points of the Horse*, to which book I refer my readers for further information on this interesting subject, I may state that the ass has castors only on his fore legs. He has a tufted tail, somewhat like that of an ox, erect mane and no forelock. The horse has a bushy tail, drooping mane and a forelock. The ass brays; the horse neighs. The dock of the horse's tail is much thicker and stronger than that of the ass. The large family of asses consists of the

onager or wild ass of Asia, the kiang or wild ass of Thibet, the mountain zebra, Burchell's zebra, Grévy's zebra, and the Abyssinian wild ass, which appears to be identical with our domestic donkey.

The Academy of Sciences is on the other side of the river near the buildings shown in Fig. 23.

Wishing to find out the reason for the bad appearance,

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 23.—The Admiralty Quay.

to say nothing of the inferior taste of the beef exposed for sale in the butchers' shops of Petersburg, I went one day on a tour of unofficial inspection to the public slaughter-house or *abattoir*, where I had the good luck to meet Veterinary Surgeon Voronzof, who is in charge and who kindly showed me round this very large establishment. With one exception, the arrangements leave nothing to be desired. There is a well-appointed pathological laboratory in which several

experts are constantly engaged in microscopically examining the blood and tissues of suspected animals; and also a most interesting museum of morbid specimens. As all the animals are examined by veterinary surgeons before and after they are killed, the Petersburg public are safeguarded from infection carried by meat, which is a privilege that the British taxpayer does not enjoy. The manner of distribution is the only detail of the working of the Petersburg *abattoir* with which I can find any fault. When the animals are killed and cleaned out, instead of being hung up for at least twenty-four hours in order that they might get cold and stiff, they are immediately cut up and the joints thrown into a cart for distribution among the various butchers' shops in the city. We must here bear in mind that the life of the tissues continues for some hours after the death of the animal, as we may prove by stimulating the nerves *post-mortem*. Consequently, diseased changes are set up in meat which shortly after death undergoes injury, such as that inflicted by throwing it about and by the shaking these joints incur during their rough transit over the cobble stones of the Petersburg streets. The flaccid and unhealthy appearance of meat which has been subjected to this treatment is positively disgusting; but custom is a mental though not a physical antiseptic.

CHAPTER VII

THE CADRES

Marching Orders—Brigade Stations—Composition of the Brigades—Remounts—General Palitzyne—General Strukof—Passive Resistance.

ON the appointed 1st September I reported myself to General Palitzyne, who received me kindly and told me that I would have first of all to make a tour through the remount depôts, or cadres as they are called, and on my return to Petersburg would have to stay for the remainder of the six months at the Cavalry Officers' Riding School in that city. He also said that as General Strukof was the head of the Remount Department, I would have to go to him and receive his orders.

I may here explain that a cadre in peace time corresponds to a regiment of reserve cavalry. It is divided into three *atdelenie* (German, *Abtheilungen* = divisions), and has thirteen officers, including a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, an adjutant and a paymaster. Each *atdelenie* is commanded by a captain, who has a second captain (Russian, *Stab-rotmistr*) and subalterns under him. The cadres are grouped into brigades, which consist of either two or three cadres, and each brigade is commanded by a general who has an A.D.C. and other staff officers to help him. Each *atdelenie* supplies the horses that are required each year for one particular regiment of cavalry, which sends an officer to the cadre with the supposed object of learning

how young horses should be broken in. Therefore, in each two cadre brigade there are six regimental officers and about twenty-eight reserve officers. The regimental officer who acts as A.D.C. to the general, stays three years in the brigade. The three *atdelenie* of each cadre supply about 400 horses yearly to their three regiments, making in all; about 7200 horses for the dragoons.

The names of the stations of the eight brigades which supply the fifty-four dragoon regiments (cavalry of the line) with horses are given on page 113.

The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th brigades consist of two cadres each; the 7th has three cadres; and either the 1st or the Caucasian brigade has three cadres, but I cannot tell which; because I did not go to them.

The young animals intended for dragoon service, are bought by remount officers (*remonteurs*) from breeders in the steppes of the Don and elsewhere, and are sent by them to the brigades to be accepted or rejected as the case may be. They are received into the brigades from about the 20th September to the 6th November. The average price given by the remonteurs for each animal is about 125 roubles (£13, 5s.), which food, transport and other charges increase to 205 or 210 roubles (£21, 14s. or £22, 5s.) on arrival at the brigades. These remounts have a minimum height of 2 archines and $1\frac{1}{2}$ vershok (14 hands and $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches), and are from 3 off to rising 5. They are kept at the cadres for ten or eleven months, so that they may recover from the privations they have suffered in the open, and may become quiet enough to be bridled, saddled and ridden before being drafted to their respective regiments, by which time they will have cost about 350 roubles each; say, £37. They remain at light work in their regiments for the first year before being regularly taken on as troopers.

Despite the great cheapness of the raw material in Russia, it probably costs the Government of that country as much to mount its cavalry, as it does the English Government. As all the officers and men of the brigades belong to the Reserve, the money spent at the brigades serves the double purpose of supplying the cavalry with horses, and of keeping up the Reserve. For instance, each *atdelenie* is capable of supplying three squadrons of reserve cavalry. Consequently, a brigade of two cadres can furnish three regiments of Reserve Cavalry consisting of six squadrons each. In peace time, an *atdelenie* is equivalent to a squadron of cavalry.

Besides the young remounts, each cadre has a certain number of old horses which are used for the drilling of the men.

There are two brigades for the supply of horses for the twelve regiments of the Guards. As these remounts have to be bigger and stronger than the dragoon remounts, they are bred, not on the steppes, but in studs under civilised conditions, and were consequently considered to have been too quiet for me to operate on. This was the greatest possible mistake ; because the methods of breaking which I practise are essentially those that are best calculated to make a horse's mouth, to form his paces and to teach him to jump; the inculcation of obedience being of course a necessary preliminary. Russians are so thoroughly imbued with high school ideas of equitation, that unless a man has been in a circus, he cannot, according to them, know anything about giving horses good mouths and making them handy and clever.

On seeing General Strukof for the second time in my life, I was glad to find that he was somewhat more amiable than before. He spoke in excellent French, and gave me my programme in Russian, and in the same language a copy of a circular letter that had been sent to the generals who respect-

ively commanded the brigades to which I was to go. These documents, when I had them translated, ran as follows :

CIRCULAR LETTER.

War Department.

Administration of The Inspector of Remounts of Cavalry and Brigades of the Cavalry Reserve.

To the
Commander of the Brigade
of the Cavalry Reserve.

Mr. Hayes, who was formerly an officer in the English Army, during his stay last year in Russia, introduced to a small circle of cavalry officers at Krasnoe Selo his rapid methods of breaking in young horses and making them quiet to ride.

Mr. Hayes' system is based on a deep study of the horse, and on a knowledge of the animal's disposition. His process, which is by no means difficult and requires only a few simple appliances, has the merit of not endangering the soundness of young horses.

Mr. Hayes is of opinion that he can very quickly break in a young horse that has never been led, by working it with the reins, appeasing it, and making it obedient without doing it the slightest injury.

Taking into consideration that our cavalry has to deal with remounts which mostly come from the steppes and are unaccustomed to mankind, it is a matter of great importance to us to attain perfection in the methods of rendering horses quiet to ride. It is well known that the preliminary breaking in of remounts by the methods of our Remount officers requires a long time, and what is more serious, it often leads to unfortunate accidents. The more

advanced training of young horses, although nearly perfect, has still room for reform.

His Imperial Highness, the Inspector-General of Cavalry, became much interested on hearing of the arrival of Mr. Hayes.

Being fully aware that the demonstration at Krasnoe Selo on army horses could not show the real value of Mr. Hayes' methods and system of breaking, the Grand Duke, having had a favourable report of the said demonstration from eye-witnesses, sent an invitation last winter to Mr. Hayes to demonstrate for His Imperial Highness on some half broken-in horses of the Experimental Remount Depôt. Major-General Derfelden and all the Remount officers who wished to witness the exhibition were commanded to go to the Depôt with Mr. Hayes.

According to the report of those who were present at the Depôt, Mr. Hayes had a brilliant success, and the august Inspector-General of Cavalry deemed it necessary to petition that Mr. Hayes should be engaged to teach his methods of catching and breaking in young horses at the Officers' Cavalry School and in the cadres of the Cavalry Reserve.

The Minister of War having received the proposed plan, gave his consent and command that it should be executed.

Independently of this, His Imperial Highness, in giving his command to inform your Excellency of the above-mentioned particulars, has expressed his confidence that the staff of your Brigade will utilise the visit of Mr. Hayes to the cadres.

Enclosed please find my "Outline" about Mr. Hayes' visit. During his stay at your Brigade, please see that his system of breaking in horses is followed closely and recorded minutely. After Mr. Hayes' departure, let all the chiefs of the cadres and departments report their opinion to you, and then give your opinion of the possibility and utility of adopting the demonstrated system of breaking in young horses.

Enclosure. "*Outline.*" *The original is signed by the Remount Inspector of Cavalry, Lieutenant-General Strukof.*

Correct copy of the original.

Assistant of the Superior Adjutant of the Administration.

Essaul,
Captain of the Cossacks.
(Signed) *Kosmin.*

OUTLINE.

Mr. Hayes, who is a retired Captain of the English Army, is to visit the regiments of the Cavalry Reserve with the object of teaching the officers and some of the under-officers his rapid methods of breaking in young horses, and accustoming them to be ridden.

The time of the visit is fixed as soon as possible after the arrival of the remounts at the regiments at the beginning of the season of 1898–99.

Mr. Hayes commences at the 1*st Brigade and then visits the* 4*th,* 2*nd,* 7*th,* 3*rd,* 6*th, and* 5*th Brigades in succession.*

As the Guards and the 8*th Brigade of the Cavalry Reserve are supplied with stud-bred horses which have been previously handled, Mr. Hayes will not be required to visit them.*

As the horses come from the Remount officers into the cadres to a certain extent tamed, the application of quick methods of breaking will not require much time. Consequently, five or six days are considered sufficient for a brigade of two cadres, and two days for a single cadre. The tour will therefore take about two months, travelling included.

The methods in question can be demonstrated on a few young horses, especially wild and vicious ones, such as animals which will not allow themselves to be saddled, bridled,

cleaned, etc. Before Mr. Hayes' arrival, two such horses must be selected from each division to be experimented on.

In every cadre, the demonstration shall take place in the presence of all the officers; and notes must be taken, so that the methods may be closely studied. For this purpose, one officer, one under-officer and two soldiers shall be selected from each division,

(Signed) *Strukof,*
Lieutenant-General.

Places where the Brigades of the Cavalry Reserve are stationed.

1st Brigade . .	Sysran, Simbirsk Government.
4th ,, . .	Liski, Voronej-Rostof Railway.
2nd ,, . .	Ostrogorchsk, Voronej Government.
7th ,, . .	Tambof.
3rd ,, . .	Kirsanof, Tambof Government.
6th ,, . .	Borisoglebsk, Voronej Government.
5th ,, . .	Balakleya, Kharkof Government.
Caucasian Brigade	Armavir, Stavropol Government.

It is strange that the writer of the foregoing "Circular Letter" did not mention the fact that the Grand Duke had invited me to give a horse-breaking demonstration at Krasnoe Selo, and that he was present on that occasion. The public doings of the Grand Duke are so carefully followed by the officers under him, that it is highly improbable that the writer in question made the omission through ignorance.

As soon as I had mastered the contents of the foregoing documents, I returned to General Strukof and explained to him that I could not possibly teach the officers and several of the men of each brigade in five or six days (two or

three days for each cadre) how to give wild horses good manners and mouths, and that a fortnight was the shortest time I could complete such a task. He said that if I did not hurry through the brigades, all the wild horses would be broken before I would arrive at the last two or three on the list. I then asked him if he would permit me to pay a second visit to each of the brigades on my return trip? Yes, I could do that; I could stay as long as I liked at each brigade; in fact, I could do what I wished. Seeing that he was "kidding" me, I dropped the subject, made my bow and retired. As I had to see General Palitzyne before leaving, I called on him the following day and explained my troubles. He was kind and sympathetic, but could do nothing. He and General Strukof are so close to the Grand Duke, that they are naturally rivals for the favour of their chief; and it is a fundamental principle in the conduct of Russian public affairs, that the heads of departments have full liberty to run their own show in their own way. General Palitzyne told me that I would meet much difficulty and jealousy, but hoped that I would manage to get on well. I saw that he was sorry for me, and I was sorry for myself for having been delivered over to the head of the Remount Department, who, instead of furthering the Grand Duke's wishes as regards my instruction in horse-breaking, appeared determined to oppose them by passive resistance, which history tells us has been the favourite weapon used by reactionary officials against reforms instituted by their rulers. I hate being beaten; but as I was in the pit, it was a case of fight on, no matter what were the odds against winning. Besides, I wanted to have a turn with the steppe horses, and to learn all I could about them and from them.

Much to my regret, it was decided that I was not to visit Sysran and Armavir.

CHAPTER VIII

LISKI

A Dissenting Parson—Russians as Linguists—The Russian Language—The Liski Brigade—General Hahn—"Language"—Reserve Officers—Russian Remounts—Horses of the Don—How to break in Wild Horses—Breaking at Liski—Difficult to Shoe—How not to do it—Russian Methods of Breaking.

I LEFT St. Petersburg by train on a journey of forty-one hours to my first brigade at Liski. When stopping for an hour or so at Moscow, which is about a third of the way from Petersburg, a cheery young Briton who was a resident of Moscow and who was an entire stranger to me, confided to my care in a happy-go-lucky sort of a way, an ancient American dissenting parson who was on a missionary inspecting tour round the world, and who did not know a word of any language except his own. He was a strong believer in the good nature of the human race, and I did my best not to undeceive him by helping him along with German and a little Russian as far as I went. How he managed to arrive at his destination, Tiflis, and then to proceed on to India *viâ* Teheran, as he intended to do, I have not heard. He was a simple-minded man who apparently had no vices. He did not hanker after draw poker, booze or even baccy, and was of an age when *nous autres* have forsaken our vices, without waiting for our vices to forsake us. Just before saying good-bye at the Liski station where I had to get out, he asked me rather sadly if I were married. On hearing my "Yes," he added: "I am an old bachelor. My

girl is in her grave." For his sake I hope that his belief in a hereafter is true, and that he will be rewarded for his long years of weary waiting.

Russia is a very hard country for a person unacquainted with the language to travel in; for the vast majority of pure-bred Russians know no tongue bar their own. I really think they are worse linguists than the English, which is saying a great deal. Almost all the officers of the Guards can make themselves understood in two if not three languages; but, as I have already said, very few of the officers of other regiments are educated up to that pitch. Russian naval officers tell me that they are obliged to learn English. All the Russian generals I have ever met, with the exception of General Avscharof, spoke French, which language appears to be obligatory on every Russian officer who aspires to wear a red-lined overcoat. Russian ladies are all supposed to know French. Their facility in that language is a boon to publishers, if not to literature; for in that country of copies, the usual honorarium for translating a French novel of, say, 100,000 words is five guineas! As there is no copyright in foreign books in Russia, the Muscovite scribbler has a big task to compete against the cream of foreign literature produced at a line of ten words for half a farthing. In Russia, there is a large number of people of German descent, not only in the Baltic Provinces, but also in German colonies scattered throughout the country, almost all of whom jealously keep up a knowledge of their mother-tongue. I have been often told that the German-speaking population of St. Petersburg numbers 200,000. History tells us that even in the time of Peter the Great, there was a large German colony at Moscow. When travelling by train in the interior, I seldom failed to get help from a German-speaking passenger, when I was unable to express my wants in Russian.

Russian is a very hard language both as regard pronunciation and inflections. Not only are some of the letters difficult for a foreigner to get his tongue round, but their pronunciation varies in a ruleless manner; *a*, *e*, *g*, and *l* being sinners in this respect. Also, every word or word joined to its preceding adverb or preposition has a particular syllable upon which the accent must be placed, before its meaning is certain to be understood. I found no difficulty in the Russian *x*, which is generally rendered into English by kh; because I found that its pronunciation was almost if not quite identical with the Persian guttural *k* or *kh*, which we meet with for instance in the Persian word, *khan* (a chief). Bad as the inflections are in German, they are child's play to those in Russian; in fact, few Russians are absolutely sound with respect to them. When learning a language to speak, we should of course begin by trying to acquire what we stand most in need of, which in this case will be a vocabulary sufficient to convey our most pressing needs. After that, we shall desire to collect useful phrases of the "give me a glass of beer," "there are bugs in the bed," "I want a top berth in the sleeping-car," "light the stove," "does the horse kick?" "don't bother me," and "I want a cheque cashed" kind. And finally we require the means (grammar) of connecting and transposing the words and phrases we have acquired. I tried in Russia a six months' experiment of putting down in a note-book the Russian equivalents for every word and simple phrase which I wished to say in that language, and at the end of the time, after having frequently rewritten the notes, I was able to make myself understood very fairly. As my work was conducted almost entirely in German and French, I was able to devote but little time to Russian, especially as I did not see that I would have much future use for that language.

I met many old friends in Russia. A great crowd, especially those in the horse line, came from Germany, such as *rotmistr* (*Rittmeister* = a cavalry captain), *shpora* (*Sporn* = spur), *trenzel* (*Trense* = snaffle), *moondshtook* (*Mundstück* = mouth-piece, meaning curb-bit), and *Schenkel*, which signifies "thigh" in German, but is used in Russian riding schools to denote the lower part of the leg when it is applied to the horse's side as an "aid." A few words come from the French, such as *sakvoyaj*, a hand-bag, and *akvarél*, a water-colour painting. Persian gives Russian among other words, *soondook* (Pers. *sandook*) for "trunk," and *arbooz* (Pers. *tarbooza*) for "water-melon." The Gypsies and Jews have my old Indian friend, *kaput* (broken) in frequent use.

The military cantonment of Liski is made up of a line of barracks, half a dozen large and lofty stables, the same number of riding schools, a few detached houses in one of which the General lived, and a line of paltry native shops of the Indian bazaar type. From the high ground occupied by the barracks, a pretty view (Fig. 24) can be obtained of the river Don and the old town of Liski on the other side of the river.

On arriving at Liski in the morning, I got a one-horse *drojky* (cab) outside the station, and drove to the General's house in order to call upon him. I found General Hahn to be a fine old soldier, tall, gaunt, a strict martinet, and a good judge of a horse. Whether right or wrong, he brooks no contradiction, and his German quartermaster, Rotmistr Heppener, told me with sincere pride that in slanging the officers and men under him, he hasn't his equal in the entire Russian army. On hearing this, I wondered how he would have fared in a match with my dear old friend, poor George Gambier of the Royal Horse, who used to command the Chestnut Troop. On one occasion at a review, so the story goes, the gun teams tied themselves into knots, and

Gambier, who was a very smart officer, let them have it as usual. "Dear me," said a lady who was looking on and was within hearing, "I never knew before that Major Gambier was a foreigner." "Nonsense," said another lady who was with her, "he is of course an Englishman." "I would not have thought it," replied the first lady, "for he has been speaking in a language of which I did not understand a

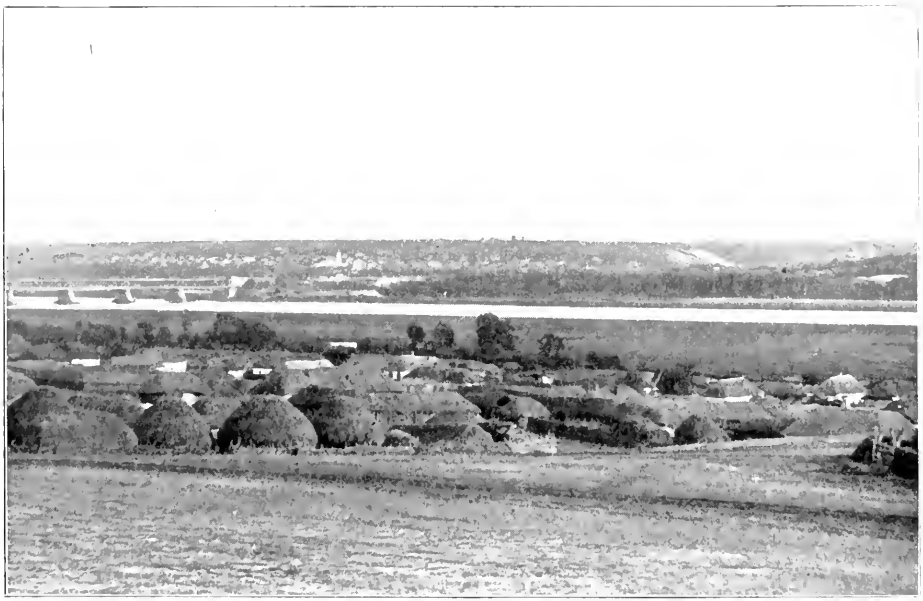

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 24.—The River Don and the Town of Liski in the distance.

word." Rotmistr Heppener told me that as General Hahn was the son of only a German doctor, he deserves great credit for having worked himself without interest (*ohne Protection;* as the Germans happily say) into his present position of lieutenant-general.

The General was civil, and after talking a bit, handed me over to his factotum, Heppener, who took me to the

officers' club, where I was very kindly given a room and bed. The club or mess consisted of a bar, a dining-room, a writing-room, a reception-room, a bedroom or two, and a kitchen downstairs. Although there was no attempt at luxury, there was plenty of comfort and lots to eat and drink. The officers made me their mess guest and did their best to render my stay with them agreeable. They were nice pleasant fellows and appeared easily satisfied. The Reserve officers are not as a rule as smart or as well off as regimental officers. Living in a permanent station and having no mounted duties, they usually marry and settle down to a very humdrum mode of existence. Such a life at these brigades, which are situated in out-of-the-way parts of the country, would be terribly dull for men who wanted other distractions than vint and small talk. The number of horses owned by the officers of a brigade, generally consists of three or four carriage animals belonging to the general and colonels. During the two months I was at the brigades, I saw only two officers on the outside of a horse. I must not forget to say that some of the Liski officers go down to the bridge and fish off it. When I thought of the sport English officers have in various parts of the world at hunting, racing, chasing, pig-sticking, shooting, polo, gymkhanahs and paper-chasing, I felt sorry for my Liski friends, who no doubt would "join the glad throng," if they were only shown the way. A general like Locke Elliot or a colonel like Bobby Kekewich, to mention two out of hundreds, would do that for them.

I was shown the year's batch of over eight hundred young horses which had been received from the remount agents a few days before my arrival and which were then stabled for the first time. Figs. 25, 26, 27 and 28 are good examples of freshly caught remounts; and Fig. 29 represents a typical well-bred Donsky remount which had been stabled

for a few months. They are all light in front, except Fig. 27, which is rather an unfavourable specimen ; being short and thick in the neck, and light below the knees. As these dragoon remounts average about 15.1½, they are somewhat small, and to English eyes would probably appear at first sight rather light ; but closer inspection shows that they have

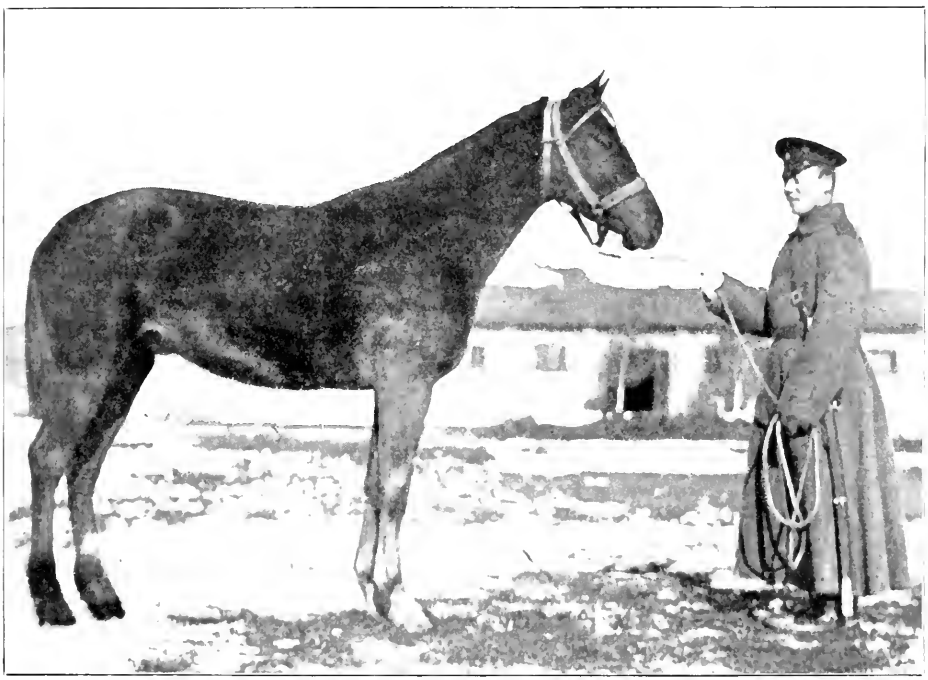

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 25.—Well-bred Remount.

capital bone, are compactly built, and have no superfluous lumber to carry. They are, with very few exceptions, entirely free from cart blood, and consequently, if their fore legs in some cases seem a bit deficient below the knee, the back tendons run more or less parallel to the canon bone, and we find no coarseness about the fetlocks, which is a distinguishing

mark of a cross with Shire, Clydesdale or other heavy draught blood, and which is evidence of inability to stand work under the saddle. These Russian remounts have as a rule short backs, muscular loins, good feet, fairly small heads, and are well ribbed up. They are particularly good across the loins, which is a point that receives much attention from Russian breeders. Formerly the horses of the Don, from which country the best remounts are obtained, were generally "back at the knees" ("calf-kneed"), but this defect has been almost entirely eliminated by careful crossing. The members of the selection committees which pass or reject the animals brought up by the remonteurs, are specially critical as regards the quality of the pasterns, as we may learn by the frequency with which they employ the word, *babkee* (pasterns), in the remarks they make on the young ones paraded for their inspection. On the whole, they have very good fore legs. Their shoulders are inclined to be short; but their worst point is undoubtedly their hocks, which in many instances are weak, too much bent ("sickle-hocked"), or inclined to curb. I have treated the subject of hocks so fully in *Points of the Horse*, that I need not further allude to it here. English and Irish breeders have been so long alive to the necessity of good hocks in a cross country horse, that in this respect no horses can be compared to our well-bred hunters. I feel certain that if the question of hocks was better understood in Russia, effective means would be taken to remedy the defect to which I have alluded.

These remounts, especially those which come from the country of the Don, have a strong infusion of Arab blood (Fig. 28), with a dash of the thoroughbred. They are essentially saddle horses bred for cavalry purposes, as may be inferred from the fact that over seven thousand of them are yearly selected for the dragoon regiments. The number of horses required by the English cavalry on home service is so

small that it does not pay breeders to cater exclusively for the army. Consequently our remount officers have to take misfits from the hunter and light harness classes, with the result of lack of uniformity, and a very undesirable admixture of the harness, if not of the cart blood element. Thus, among a large number of cavalry horses in England, we find that many of

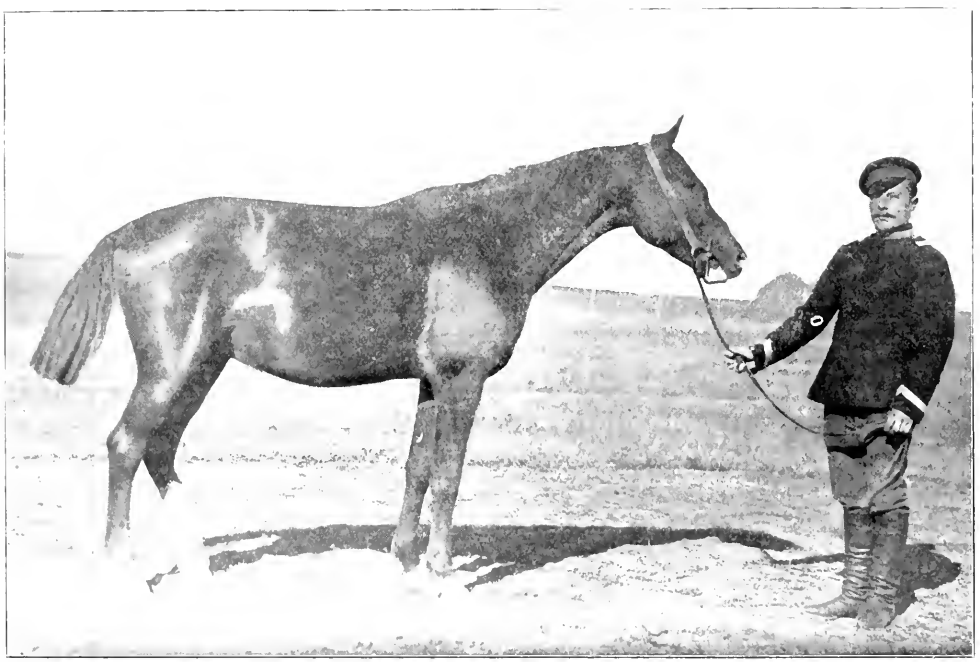

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 26.—Remount.

them are too heavily "topped" for the quality of their legs. In making a comparison between the cavalry horses of the two countries, we must take into consideration that the Russian horses are reared under conditions of privation and hard work to get their living, and are consequently more useful as slaves and campaigners than they appear to be; but

the opposite to this may be said about our home army horses. I feel convinced that for active service the Russian cavalry are better mounted than our cavalry are at home. When we come to India, the case is entirely different; because there, our men are mounted on Australasian horses, which are bred chiefly for the Indian saddle horse market under conditions that are far more favourable to horse development than are those which are found in Russia.

Major Peters of the Remount Department kindly informs me that the number of remounts purchased during the season of 1899–1900 was 99 for the Household Cavalry, 1232 for the Cavalry of the line, and 1511 for the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Army Service Corps; and that these figures may be taken as a fair average for the Home Establishment.

To avoid repetition, I may briefly explain my usual method of proceeding with freshly caught wild horses. If the animal has been caught and haltered, as at the cadres, I have it led into a riding school or other convenient enclosure; but if it has been merely driven into a *kraal* or other suitable place of detention, I halter it in the manner described on page 82. In either case, with my pupil at one end of a rope and two or three stout fellows at the other extremity, I begin, for safety sake, by making at the end of a rope a running loop, which I place on the ground, and give the other end to an assistant to hold. I then try to induce the animal to place his near fore leg in the noose, and as soon as he does that, I give a signal to the assistant to pull it tight. After a few plunges on the part of the horse and a few harmless flourishes of the long stick or whip, I get my young friend to stand while he is held by the men in front and by the helper who has the leg rope in his hands, and who is mainly responsible that if I go up to the horse's near shoulder, my brains won't get knocked out. The fun now commences in earnest. While touching and gently scratching the top part of the animal's neck (the crest)

Photo by] FIG. 27.—Under-bred Remount. [*M. H. H.*

with the long stick, I gradually approach him, until I get my hand on his mane. I then withdraw the stick by degrees, "gentle" his crest with my hand, and try to slip a rope noose over his head and under his upper lip. This forms a very effective twitch which inflicts no pain on the animal unless the rope is jerked, which I do only when my pupil "plays up."

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 28.—Remount with Arab Cross.

As I accompany the effective though by no means severe correction by the word "steady!" modulated in tone according to the pain inflicted, the animal quickly connects the idea of punishment with the voice and not with the twitch. Having obtained sufficient control, I make the animal quiet to be handled all over either by tying him head and tail

while gentling him with the long stick, or by making him lie down, both of which methods were practised by breakers long before Rarey came to England in the early fifties, and which are described at considerable length in *Illustrated Horse-breaking*. This so-called horse taming is of course but a mere preliminary to the more serious business of making the riding animal obedient to rein and leg, and has the sole, but not unimportant merit of saving time and consequently expense.

The real education of the horse begins with the long reins, which I believe I use in an original manner; my chief object being to get complete control over the animal, so that he may not acquire the dangerous idea that he can pull successfully against the reins, or buck his rider off, and that he may learn to obey the indications of the reins with his hind-quarters, as well as with his mouth. I may here point out that it is no good for a horse to turn his head to the right, even to the rider's right knee, unless at the same time he turns his hind-quarters to the left; and *vice versâ*. The horse can also be taught by means of the long reins to jump. This dismounted instruction should be supplemented by lessons in turning on the fore hand and also on the hind legs, with the cane or whip. The animal will then be able to understand the indications of rein and leg, when he is mounted for the first time. The beauty of this method of breaking is that it saves a horse from getting spoiled by being prematurely mounted, and teaches him more in a week, than he would otherwise learn in a couple of months.

At 9.30 a.m. on the 21st September 1898, I opened proceedings at Liski in presence of General Hahn and all his officers and men off duty, in a large *manège* which had a floor of deep sand, and was given Rotmistr Heppener to act as my German translator. My first pupil, a bay gelding rising 5, was led in by four men, who held him by a long

rope which was attached to a strong head-collar that had been put on when he had been lassoed. This Donsky steed was very wild ; he had his legs and head a good deal knocked about in his previous struggles for freedom ; and he apparently would let no one go near him. After some trouble I managed

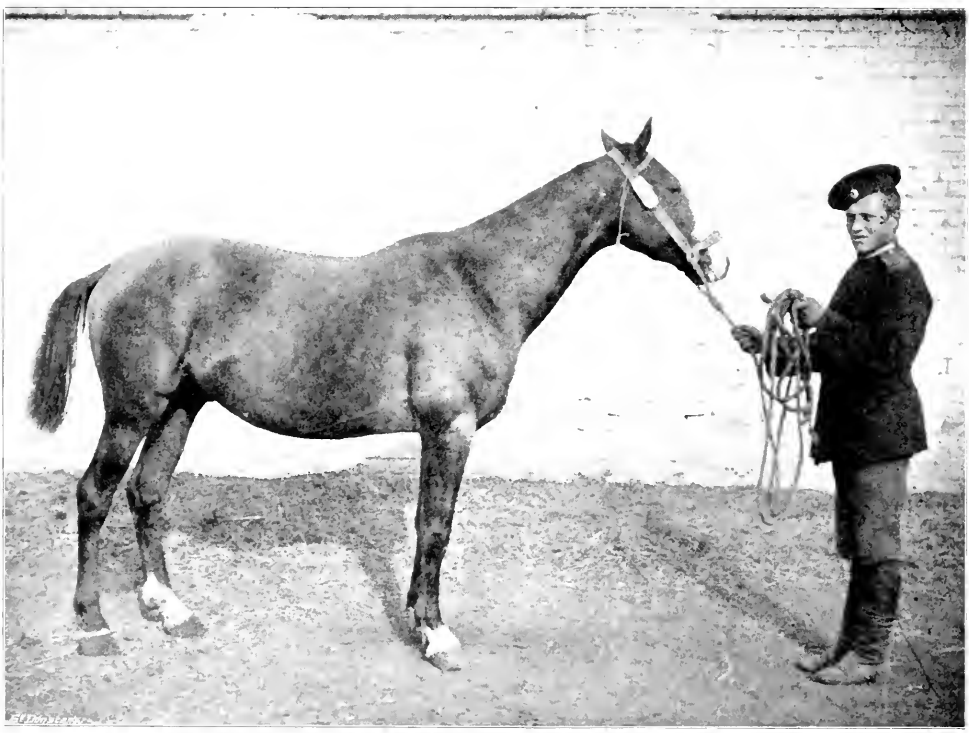

Fig. 29.—Typical Donsky Remount.

to touch his crest with the end of my driving whip and gradually got up to him by scratching his mane with the stick of the whip, until I placed my right hand on his neck. As every one present knew that this horse was extremely dangerous to go near, my foolhardiness made a great sensa-

tion, particularly among the soldiers, who, by their method of whoah! whoahing and petting, would not have done as much in a month. Wanting now a rope to noose the horse's near fore pastern (which I ought to have done in the first instance, had I not been seized with the desire to show off), I turned as I thought to my brave interpreter to explain what I desired; but found that he had vanished in, I suppose, the crowd of officers who stood at a respectful distance from the scene of operations. Left alone with the soldiers, for none of the officers would lend me a hand, I could not help comparing them in my mind with English officers like General Gatacre, General Wardrop, Colonel Benson, Surgeon-General Taylor, Locke Elliot, "Ding" MacDougall, Jack Hanwell and many other enthusiastic pupils of mine who have been only too glad to give me help when I have been breaking in bad horses. Having no one to assist me—for at that time I knew hardly a word of Russian, and the soldiers spoke no language but their own—I did the best I could to help myself, and by lunch-time I had the horse quiet to mount, dismount from, and handle. I was very tired, very sore from a few kicks the horse had given me, and very sick when the prudent Heppener came up to me and said that I was greatly to blame for not having previously told him what I wanted done, and that he would have explained my programme to the soldiers. Not having had practical experience with horses, beyond bumping round in a riding school, and going to parade on a sober crock, he evidently thought that wild horses are machines which when wound up, go through a uniform course of action. General Hahn did not wait to the end; because, when I connected the horse's head and tail with a cord, so as to make him waltz and thereby take some of the stuffing out of him, a few hairs got pulled by accident out of the animal's tail, on seeing which occurrence the tender-hearted General not being able to support such a gruesome

sight, fled the scene. When Heppener told me how my cruel conduct had wounded the feelings of his chief, I thought that both of them were very hard up for something to find fault with.

On the following day and at about the same hour I took in hand the horse of the previous morning, and found him greatly improved in manners; for he let one of the soldiers bridle him without any trouble and without my using any forcible means of control. Seeing that I could cope with the wild animal, the General gave me an old black gelding which had been, I was told, ten years in the cadre as one of the riding horses, and which during that time was never able to be shod without having been previously thrown down and secured. This was his only vice; but it was a bad one. He was big, strong, crafty and very dangerous if an attempt was made to touch his legs. On several of the occasions when he had been thrown down to be shod, he had injured so many soldiers that the doctor had strongly recommended that the animal should be shot; but of course the kind-hearted General would not allow any pain to be inflicted on a horse, which costs the Russian Government more than many soldiers. I began by putting a roller on him; noosed a fore leg, which I suspended to the roller; slipped on the rope twitch; and taught him the word "steady!" I then proceeded to gentle his fore legs, and after releasing his near fore leg, I lifted up his hind feet by a neat improvement I have made on an old method. I got permission to call in the shoeing smith, who under my direction took off the animal's shoes and pared down his hoofs, which, to judge by their length and by the horrible stench they gave off, could not have been touched with either rasp or drawing knife for at least three months. I showed on this animal the method of haltering a horse with a long stick.

On the 23rd September I made the black gelding stand

quietly while being shod in the school, and I showed on him Hamilton's plan of making a horse lie down. I have since heard that this gelding gave no further trouble in having his feet handled, picked up and cleaned. I took in hand a vicious bay mare which would not allow any of the soldiers to touch her head, and made her, by the head and tail plan, stand quietly to be handled, bridled, saddled and mounted.

On the next day I gave a lesson in catching horses with the halter and stick, taking the bay gelding of the first day to practise on. I found he was quiet and that he had been out to exercise. I gave the previous day's bay mare a lesson with the long reins, and then had her ridden about the school by a soldier in the ordinary manner. She let the man who was riding her, dismount without exhibiting any unsteadiness; but the soldiers who were in charge of her, evidently wishing to show me the superiority of their style of breaking, seized her by the ears in order to keep her quiet while they were taking off the saddle, which act of hostility she very rightly resented by knocking them over, and escaping to her stable. Thus, all the trouble which I had taken with her during two days was undone in two seconds by these stupid people.

I did no work on the 25th and 26th September; because the former was a Sunday and the latter a fête day. On the 27th I took a quiet young remount and gave on him a demonstration with the long reins to show how much better one man can lunge a horse with them, than three men (two to hold the horse and one to flourish the whip) in the ordinary way with one rope. I also made this horse jump the bar with the long reins. After that, the General gave me a dark brown horse which belonged to the cadres, and which was quiet to ride except when he was brought near the jumping bar, and then he went mad, probably because his mouth had been pulled about on previous occasions. After mouthing him with the long reins and making him take the bar at a

walk and trot as well as at a canter, I put up one of the soldiers, whom the horse carried over the obstacle in nice sober fashion. This pleased everyone, and the General asked me to lunch. He was very civil, not to say flattering. I tried to convince him that I was undeserving of his compliments; for he would insist that neither he nor any of his officers or men had the ability to put my teaching into practice. In this he was certainly wrong; for all they required was a little training, and by that time several of the officers had become interested in my work and were anxious to learn. Evidently acting on the instructions of General Strukof, General Hahn did not want me to stay longer than the following day, which was the sixth one of my breaking. I therefore gave on it a hasty repetition of my methods, and showed my good friend Veterinary-Surgeon Edmund Tromschinsky and his staff a simple way by which one man can make a horse lie down and can secure him for operations (see *Veterinary Notes for Horse-owners*). I also rode the dark brown horse of the previous day, and made him jump the bar quietly, one way and then the other at any pace I wanted. Everyone expressed themselves highly gratified with my work.

During my stay at this brigade, I received much kindness from the officers Nikolai Joltannovsky, Alexis Kashkarof, Krivochein, Nasaretof and others.

Looking back on my breaking at Liski, I find no reason for self-satisfaction. With the fatal impetuosity of an Irishman, I accepted as a challenge the first horse given to me, and felt in honour bound to make him quiet then and there. Notwithstanding the receipt of the "Circular Letter" (p. 110) which had been sent in advance, I was received by the General and his officers with such marked, though tolerant scepticism, that I felt bound to try to win the confidence of my supposed pupils by practical proof of my ability,

before beginning serious instruction. Having shown that I could break in their wildest horses, it was almost time to depart for the next brigade. My performances, though meritorious as a show, were energy thrown away; for had I taken a quiet horse and gone over my methods on him, I could have imparted far more instruction in a quarter of the time, supposing that my audience wanted to learn. Besides, preliminary practice on a quiet horse would have furnished me with more or less skilled help for future occasions. To break in wild horses in an effective and expeditious manner, one requires a helper who understands what one is aiming at.

CHAPTER IX

SYSTEMS OF HORSE-BREAKING

AT the cadres the following system of breaking-in young horses is carried out. When these three or four year olds are taken over from the remonteurs, they are practically unhandled, because the only experience they have had of civilisation is that of being caught with a lasso, secured by a head-collar, forcibly led by its rope, and tied up in a stall. The animal is lunged once or twice a day for several months by means of the head-collar rope, which is held by two, three, or four men as the case may require, while another man chases the pupil round with a whip. The attendant soldier in the stable as a rule quickly wins the confidence of his charge by petting him and giving him bread and other equine dainties. After the novice has gradually allowed his own particular man to handle and lead him, he is put through a course of lunging in small circles (*voltes*) in a riding school, and is subsequently mounted and ridden. If the animal plays up or is obstinate, the only means adopted for obtaining control is by petting and humouring him, which, I need hardly say, are methods that are well calculated to give a horse an unduly exalted opinion of his own power, and to make him resent being handled or ridden by anyone, except his own particular human chum. It is therefore no wonder, that when these remounts are drafted to their regiments, several of them prove difficult to manage in their new surroundings. Even

among the old horses belonging to the cadres, I found few that were thoroughly reliable. In fact, every one of them whose steadiness I tested, showed resentment if I tried anything unusual with them. For instance, on being assured that some ancient steed was absolutely confidential, I have often taken my pocket-handkerchief and waved it close in front of the animal's off shoulder, with generally the result that he has hit out furiously at it with both fore feet; or, if I gently touched him behind with a stick, he would lash out as viciously as if he had been clawed by a tiger. To my remark that a horse could not be regarded as perfectly quiet, unless when in presence of man he would bear with composure all sights, sounds and contacts that did not hurt him, I always received the reply that the elderly party would be absolutely staid if I did not annoy him by flourishing rags in front of him or touching his hind-quarters. I don't like horses with "if's," and I don't think that any of my Russian friends would do so, in the event of being attacked by a hostile soldier whose lance bore a waving pennant, or of being in a crowd during a check on a Quorn Friday. I am a strong advocate for the practice of kindness to animals, and especially to horses, which are even more dependent on our good offices than are dogs and cats; but in order to be a reliable conveyance, a horse has above all things to be an obedient and well-conducted servant.

Judiciously meted-out punishment and reward, with sympathy for youthful indiscretions, are the best means for inculcating the necessary discipline; but the punishment must not be of a nature which the animal can successfully resist, and must be inflicted in a manner which will make him connect it in his mind with the fault he committed. As punishment with whip and spurs does not fulfil these conditions, it should not be resorted to, especially as their indications are required for control and guidance. For instance, if

a horse has been punished in this manner, it would be unreasonable to expect that when mounted, he would intelligently bear and answer the pressure of the heel, whip or ash plant, if his rider wanted him to turn on his fore-hand while opening a gate out hunting, for instance.

Probably not more than 2 or 3 per cent. of these steppe remounts are really bad to handle; although a large number of them are more or less shy of being touched about the head, as I have already said. The coaxing system proves tedious; for little progress is made in the education of the young ones during the ten or eleven months they are at the cadres, beyond getting them quiet to ride; and, as I have reason to infer, if a horse is bad to start with, he generally continues so for the remainder of his military career. The fact of a horse being quiet with one man and vicious with everyone else, appears to be accepted by Russian cavalrymen as a dispensation of Providence which has to be borne with becoming resignation.

I have been told by several officers at the cadres that the long time occupied by their system of breaking, often proves inconvenient for military purposes, in the not unfrequently recurring event of remounts being required for service two or three months after their admission into the cadres.

The one-rein or one-rope system of lunging causes a horse to go in badly-balanced style, on account of control being obtained solely by the mouth, and that only in a narrowly limited direction. By it, the breaker is impaled on the horns of a dilemma. If he works the horse in the usual way, the animal's head will be pulled unduly inwards and the hind-quarters will be carried too much outwards, with the result that the hind feet will describe a circle outside that made by the fore feet, instead of there being only one track, and consequently the horse will be too heavy in front. If, to obviate the occurrence of these two concentric circles of

movement, the breaker employs a side rein on the off side, he will attain his object, but at the expense of having the animal's head turned away from the direction in which he is proceeding. I need hardly point out to capable horsemen that in either case the horse is going in bad style, which is an atrocity that no good breaker should permit for a moment. The fact that this survival of the dark ages is generally practised all over the world, only proves the great need of reform in horse-breaking. In the manner in which I lunge a horse with two reins, he is "collected" in a similar way to that adopted by a competent horseman; the head being turned inwards by the inward rein, and the hind-quarters being kept in position by the outward leg of the rider or by the outward rein of the breaker who is lunging the animal on foot.

CHAPTER X

OSTROGORCHSK

Incivility—Sympathy from a Russian Soldier—General Ermolin coming round—A Ceremony to bind Friendship—The General and the Contractor.

ON starting from Liski by train to Ostrogorchsk, I was not overjoyed at finding that I was to have as my travelling companion, Rotmistr Heppener, who had done everything he could at Liski to belittle my work and to annoy me by his ignorant and disparaging criticisms. He told me that he was going to Ostrogorchsk on duty, which he would combine with the pleasure of introducing me to his friends at Ostrogorchsk, and obtaining for me a warm welcome from them. Whatever his object was, the fact remains that the 2nd Brigade was the only one at which I was treated as an unwelcome interloper. I have the great satisfaction that I was allowed to pay for every bite and sup I had, so I was spared the indignity of having to accept hospitality from the General and officers of that place.

Warned by my experience at Liski, I opened proceedings on the first day with an old horse, and as soon as the soldiers who had been told off to help me, began to understand a little of my work, I took a young horse that had never been mounted, mouthed him for about twenty-five minutes with the long reins, put a soldier on his back, and had him ridden quietly about the *manège*. This may appear very simple, but it is not as easy as it reads. First of all, the young

unbroken animal had to be taught to obey the indications of the reins, and to advance, turn, change his pace, halt or rein back, as he was directed. He then had to get over the novel and uncomfortable feeling of having a weight on his back, by being made to carry a sack full of sand which I placed on the saddle.

General Ermolin had been absent the first morning, but turned up on the second day in very bad humour; probably because he had toothache. He stopped the work which I had begun on the green horse of the previous day, and said that I was to take in hand only vicious horses. I tried to explain to him that I wished as a commencement to show my methods on a quiet horse, so that those who saw what I did might be able to help me, when I took in hand a vicious one. He would not hear of this, and sent for a particularly rampagious animal that had open wounds on both sides of the neck from the lasso with which it had been recently captured. I pointed out that this horse should have been under treatment in the veterinary hospital. I happened on that day to be suffering from a bad attack of bronchitis caught from a chill at Liski after having been bathed in perspiration for four hours while I was working in the *manège*, and I was lame from a nasty kick I had received on the same forenoon. Besides, the *manège* which General Ermolin had given me to work in, was as hard as a turnpike road, being unprovided with sand or litter, which is always put down in these schools when horses are worked in them. Being afraid that the animal would hurt himself on the hard ground if I used any forcible means of subjection, which would be absolutely necessary if I had to make him quiet in the couple of hours at my disposal, I thought it best to refrain from doing anything of the kind, so I had the horse turned loose in the school with the object of showing how he could be haltered with a long stick. Not being able by myself to get the animal in a corner of this large *manège*,

I asked to be allowed to have one of the soldiers to help me; but General Ermolin ordered that no one was to give me any assistance. Even when I asked one of the officers who was standing by, to lend me a cane which he had in his hand, General Ermolin rudely said to him: "Don't let him have it," and the officer of course obeyed in the usual submissive manner. I accepted with studied indifference the false position in which I was placed, and fooled around until it was time to go to lunch, determined to give them no amusing show.

I went back to my room sick and depressed, with a pain in my chest and anger in my heart. I lay down on the camp-bed trying to think what I ought to do, when the soldier servant who looked after me, came into the room. He seemed so grieved and tried so hard to make me understand that he was sorry I was ill, that I jumped up, patted him on the shoulder, returned his pleasant smile, and said, "*Neechévo*," which, being freely translated, means, "All right, my hearty," and is the great consoling phrase in Russian for every misfortune. This soldier's sympathy was the best medicine I ever had, and a rest on the following Sunday completed the cure.

I put in a lot of good work the next Monday and Tuesday on a soft piece of ground in the open while the General was at home nursing his tooth. It was a miserable task having to show good breaking to these officers, who were hopelessly indolent and had no desire to learn anything about horses. They were all right to talk to, to drink with, or to play cards with; but as to horses, my—!

The General turned up on the next morning, and again the wild horse of the first day was produced. He was supposed to have been the worst horse they ever had at this brigade. As he was big and very strong, he had been the leader of his wild companions on the steppes, and was con-

sequently particularly difficult to subdue. The General said that he would like him saddled. Seeing him held at the end of a long rope by four particularly solemn-looking soldiers, and finding that any attempt at noosing a fore leg would render him too furious for words, I thought I'd do a bit of show-off for the honour of the old country, and tried the neck-scratching game, with the result that within a quarter of an hour I had my hand on his crest, the rope twitch under his upper lip, and a saddle on his back. I then ran my hand over his shoulder and down his fore legs. This simply electrified the Russians. I also wanted to make him quiet to ride, but the General and all his officers begged that I would do nothing more to annoy "the poor horse," who, had they given him the chance, would have been only too happy to have kicked all their brains out. He was accordingly taken back to his stable with lots of the stuffing still in him. On the following morning the General directed me to bridle the same horse and make him quiet to lead, which I did. I then wished to make him quiet to ride, but the General said that saddling, bridling and leading were all that he wanted the horse to learn, so I had to give way. I also handled another animal or two, and thus ended the farce.

As far as instruction to officers and men went, I did no good at Ostrogorchsk ; for I was not given a proper enclosure to work in, and the General and his officers took no interest in the breaking. In fact they seemed to have been inspired not to do so ; but by whom, I cannot say with certainty. If my breaking was good enough for the Director of Army Remount Operations for India, the Horse Artillery at Woolwich, the 7th D.G.'s, the 11th Hussars, the 14th Hussars, the 17th Lancers and many other smart cavalry regiments, as well as many batteries of horse and field artillery, it ought to have been good enough for them. Looking, however, from their point of view, I don't see why

they should have interested themselves about anything I did. They neither own saddle horses, nor ride them; they had not, as General Hahn truly said about his own people, the capacity to put in practice what I showed them, even if they had the inclination; and all they have to do with the horses in their charge, is to look on, talk, and smoke cigarettes while their soldiers handle and ride the animals. General Ermolin, instead of justifying the confidence which the Grand Duke Nicholas had that he would utilise my visit (p. 111), clearly showed that he treated such confidence with contempt.

General Ermolin is an effeminate-looking, old young man. Rotmistr Heppener told me that the commanding officer of Ostrogorchsk is more at home in a drawing-room than in a stable or on a horse.

Towards the end of my stay, General Ermolin became more civil to me. He returned my visit and left his card on me, as I was out when he called.

Two or three days after my arrival at Ostrogorchsk, Rotmistr Heppener took his departure for the purpose, so he said, of buying forage for the remounts at Liski. I did not greatly regret losing his gratuitous services as travelling companion and shower-round; because I did not see what good they had been to me. One night at supper, he offered me his eternal friendship, but unfortunately I had to decline it, because its acceptance was coupled with the ancient and disgusting ceremony of his cutting a piece off the meat on his plate and transferring it to my plate for me to eat, and of my doing the same thing for him. I am glad I was not born in the loving cup days; for I would have had few friends, and many duels in the event of survival. Some of the officers told me that buying forage for Russian army horses is a lucrative occupation. Becky Sharpe has remarked that it is easy to be virtuous on £5000 a year.

Making allowances for differences of pay, I don't think that Russian officers are more inclined to help themselves than those of other countries. Anyhow they are not hypocrites, so we should not darken the pictures drawn by them of official corruption. The story is told of a certain Russian province which was particularly unlucky in having a succession of greedy rulers, whose rapacity caused such discontent among the people, that the Central Government, to put things right, sent as administrator of this province a General who had the reputation of being absolutely incorruptible. The reforms instituted by Hercules in the cleansing of the stable that belonged to Augeas, were mild in comparison with those carried out by this new broom, who was specially severe on a contractor that had made immense sums under previous governors. About this time a railway contract amounting to many millions of roubles came under discussion, but the contractor in question found himself rigidly barred from competition in all public works. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, he proceeded to lay siege to the affections of the General's *dvornik* (hall porter), who was too frightened for his master to grant the intriguer any active assistance despite the fact of his having been freely bribed. The game continued without result for about a month, until one afternoon when all good officials are asleep, the contractor on approaching the General's house, saw the *dvornik* slumbering in his chair. Taking this opportunity, he glided past the porter, softly entered the room where the General was reposing, and drawing from his pocket a roll of notes amounting in value to 20,000 roubles, he laid them on the table and departed as noiselessly as he had entered. When the General awoke, the first thing he did was to clap his eyes on the roll of notes, and then he shouted for the *dvornik* to come to him. When the trembling porter had made his appearance, he asked him who had dared to enter his room

unbidden. The remiss servant swore by everything sacred that he knew nothing; but under threats of dire punishment he confessed that as he dozed, he dreamt that he saw the contractor vanishing out of the house. The contractor was at once sent for, and was asked by the General why he had dared to attempt to bribe him? He pleaded absolute ignorance of the whole affair, and would not make the slightest admission of guilt even when the General ordered him to prison. Next morning when he was brought up again, he was equally obstinate in his protestations of innocence. The General vowing that he'd either get the truth out of him or kill him, sent him back to jail for a week to change his mind on bread and water. When the seven days had passed, and when he was alone with the General for the third time, he preserved the same inflexible demeanour of truthful innocence. The General thereupon told him that if he would not confess, he would have him run the gauntlet through the ranks of a regiment, every man of which would be armed with a stick to flog his bared back. "You may flog me to death or kill me in any other way you like, but I'll not confess to a crime of which I am innocent," was the undaunted reply. "I'll give you one more chance," said the General, "before I call in the guard. Are you determined to abide the consequences of your denial?" "I am," solemnly replied the contractor." "Then," said the General, extending his hand with a pleasant smile, "you are my man. I can do business with you." And after that, the General gave the contractor the big railway job and every other bit of work out of which money could be made in his jurisdiction.

CHAPTER XI

TAMBOF AND KIRSANOF

General Gardenin—Colonel Hubbenet—Kindness all round—Kirsanof—General Veljaminof-Zernof—Russian Cold—General Petrovsky—Sorry to part.

MY next station was Tambof, where I received nothing but kindness and proofs of interest in my work. The commanding officer, General Gardenin, is a *beau sabreur* and agreeable man of the world, *où on s'amuse*. He came to the *manège* only one day, as he was called away on duty or pleasure to the gay city of Moscow. Before he departed, he assured me that he greatly appreciated my teaching, and he made me over with kind expressions of goodwill, to his second in command, Colonel Hubbenet. He had a merry twinkle in his eyes when he said to me at our first meeting that his officers were the nicest fellows in the world, but that I must not pay attention to all they said ; for they were, so he remarked, "*un peu bavards*." After I heard some of their funny yarns, when our acquaintance had ripened and when the Krimski wine was flowing freely, I kept wondering to myself what a clever man the General was to have known what they would talk about.

General Gardenin is a most cheerful optimist as regards horses. He told me that in his brigade they never have the slightest difficulty in giving the remounts good manners, and that every one of the twelve hundred and odd animals he sends each year to the regiments is absolutely quiet to ride

and handle. He and his people have evidently kept their process a secret; for at other brigades and even at the Petersburg Cavalry Officers' School, I found horses which were dangerously vicious, although they had been under military discipline for ten years and upwards. Several of the regimental officers at the cadres have told me that many of the remounts sent to the regiments are by no means quiet, and that they often give the regimental riding school staff a good deal of trouble to make them right. The case of the

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 30.—The Tambof Brigade in winter.

cadres is like that of a horse-dealer, from whose establishment every horse that issues has the manners of an archangel and is as sound as the metaphorical bell of brass. If he subsequently plays up or goes short, the purchaser or his groom is of course in fault.

Colonel Hubbenet is descended from an old French family, who being Protestants, left their country on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 and settled in the Russian province of Livonia, where German is the language

of the higher classes, and Lettisch that of the peasants. The family gradually lost their French ties and are now thoroughly German. He has strong English sympathies, as his father was educated in England, and greatly prefers European modes of thought and life to those of Asia. He is a tall, good-looking and rather slight man of about sixty-six years of age, and is broad-minded, kind-hearted, and a lover of horses. With about forty-nine years' service, he is the oldest colonel in the Russian army, and he and his most excellent wife are eating their hearts out in their four or five rooms in the dreary barracks of Tambof (Fig. 30), till the military authorities see fit to make him a general. One of his sons is an officer in a Russian cavalry regiment; another is at a military college; and his two daughters are away with friends in their far-off Lifland home. As compensations for a monotonous life of petty detail and for an exile in an out-of-the-way spot void of social intercourse and intellectual recreation, he receives 200 guineas a year and the distinction of being a colonel. I was sorry for him, and still more so for his good and charming wife, who is a thorough German lady of the best sort in her fond admiration for her worthy husband. While I was at Tambof, Colonel Hubbenet never ceased in his kind endeavours to make my stay pleasant, and he succeeded admirably. When I was leaving, he said that he looked upon me as an old friend, and hoped that I would bear them both in remembrance, which I certainly shall always do. Among the many other nice officers at Tambof, I may mention the names of Rotmistr Schevschenko, who draws well and photographs, and Stab Rotmistr Baumgarten, who gave me a great deal of practical assistance at my breaking, in which he was much interested.

With the kind countenance of Colonel Hubbenet and the goodwill of the other officers, I did a lot of nice work at Tambof, especially in breaking in a couple of difficult

animals. General Gardenin before leaving for Moscow, told me that one of them was so dangerous, that he did not feel justified in asking me to take the animal in hand ; a kindly meant warning which I did not heed.

Colonel Hubbenet gave me the photographs for Figs. 31, 32, 33, 34 and 35, which show an interesting series of tests applied to a squad of horses in order to prove their steadiness.

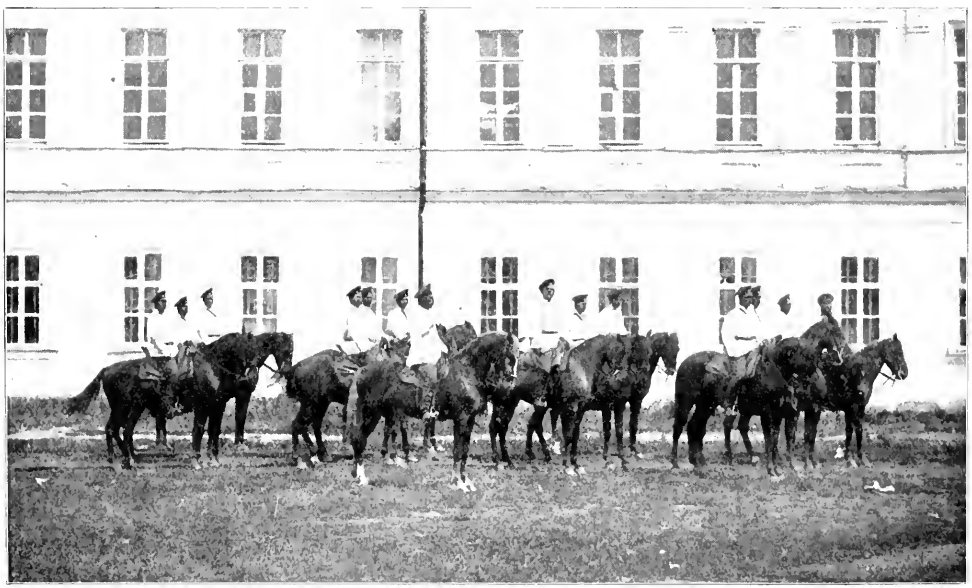

FIG. 31.—A Squad of Reserve Cavalry.

These animals were old horses that had been specially selected for their sedateness.

I may state in passing that I looked upon my part of the breaking as complete when I succeeded in making the horse carry a rider quietly, and obey the ordinary indications of the reins. I always managed to make him do this without allowing him to buck or to exhibit any other form of

"playing up." When a horse has been broken to the saddle in this way, he has instilled into his mind a most wholesome idea of his inability to resist the orders of the man who gets into the pigskin.

The brigade is close to the town of Tambof, which is an ancient place that has been but little affected by European civilisation.

A short railway journey to the east took me to Kirsanof, which is a poor backward town of about ten thousand inhabitants. On the evening I arrived, I was met at the station by the A.D.C., Stab Rotmistr Molchanof, who gave my luggage to one of the men he had brought with him, and took me off for supper to the house of the General who lives in the town; the brigade being about a mile and a half distant from it. I found General Veljaminof-Zernof (Fig. 36) to be a charming man, and kind and hospitable to the utmost degree. I had a rare good supper, a still pleasanter talk and many a hearty laugh with my witty entertainer, and then an adventurous drive in a sledge across the steppe to the barracks and the officers' club, where I was most comfortably put up.

The barracks are on high ground and are exposed to bitterly cold east winds, which blow from the Ural mountains across the Volga often at a temperature of -30° F. and sometimes even at -35° F. Some of the officers averred that the mercury not unfrequently reached -40° R. (-58° F.). The thermometer that made such a record was of an unusually retiring disposition; because mercury freezes at -31.6° R. (-39° F.). All were unanimous in declaring that Kirsanof is a much colder place than Siberia, which I believe is singularly free from high winds during winter. The fact that people in England are as a rule absolutely ignorant of the working of thermometers, shows how little they suffer from extremes of temperature. Russians and Anglo-Indians

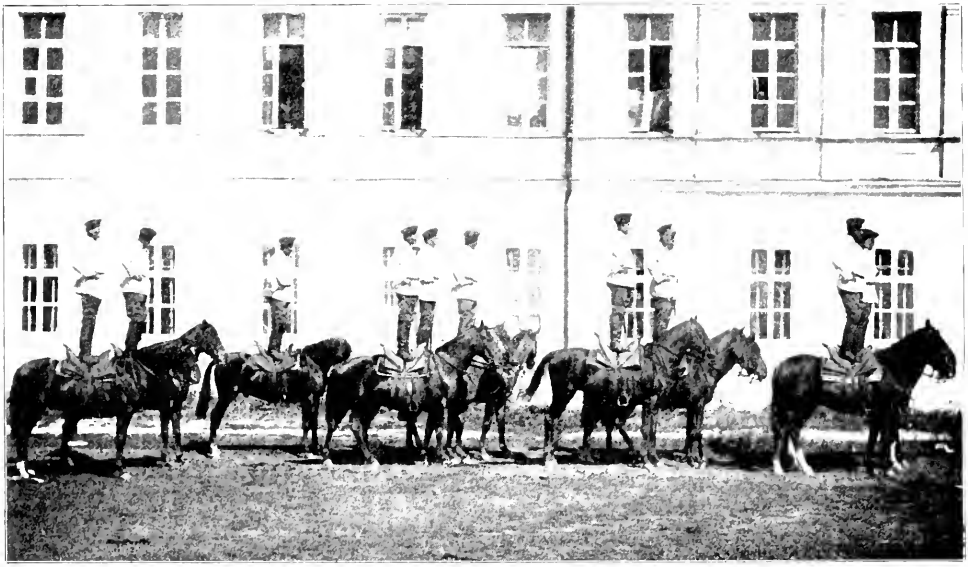

FIG. 32.—Standing on the horses' backs.

FIG. 33. Sitting on the horses' croups.

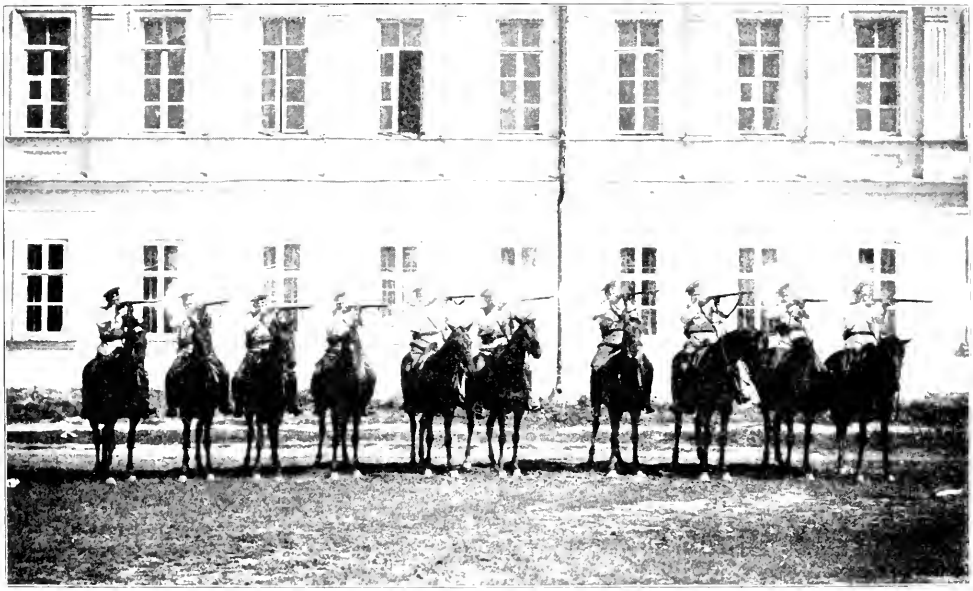

FIG. 34.—Firing when mounted.

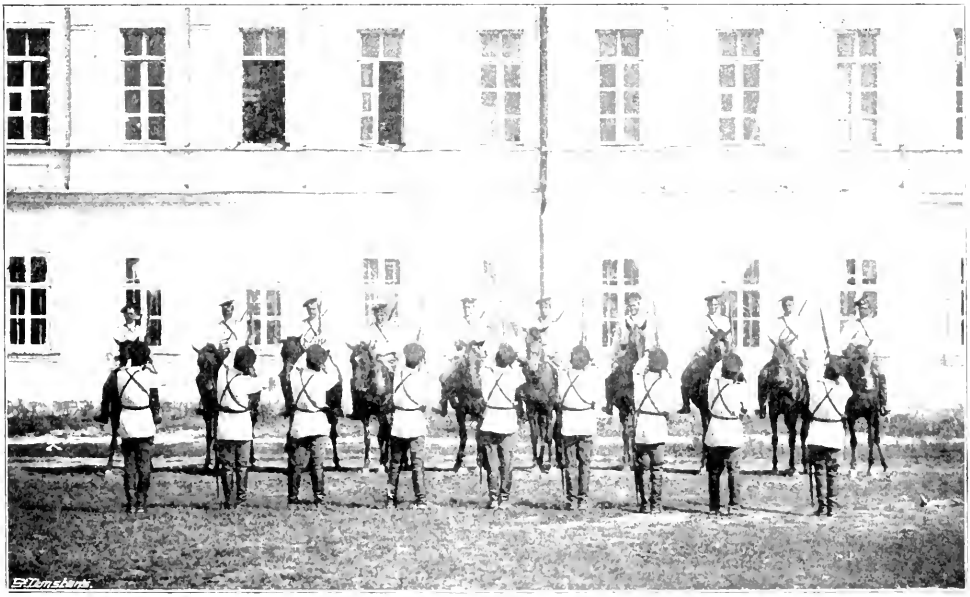

FIG. 35.—Firing in the air in front of horses.

Photo by] [*W. Steinberg, St. Petersburg.*

FIG. 36. General Veljaminof-Zernof.

on the contrary, have a deep knowledge of the variations of these instruments, at different ends of the scale.

The General told me that shortly before my arrival, the dreariness of life at Kirsanof had been agreeably relieved by a visit from that well-known cavalry leader and admirable raconteur, General Petrovsky, who came to inspect the young horses which at that time were being submitted for selection as remounts. The General had an inexhaustible fund of amusing anecdotes, many of which are treasured up by the officers of the 3rd Brigade for the benefit of friends passing through. The only persons who are said not to have enjoyed these stories were the remonteurs who brought up horses to be passed; for whenever the eyes of the General fell on a colt or filly he did not like, he used to turn round to the officers behind him and begin to tell them a yarn in his happiest style. As the burst of laughter which followed died away, he'd wheel round again and would utter the fatal word, *brak*, which in Russian signifies "rejected."

I had a very pleasant time at desolate Kirsanof; for the General and his officers were interested in the breaking, and showed their appreciation of my work by many a hearty "bravo!" and kindly word. After I had made four difficult horses quiet to ride, an animal I was breaking on the fifth day struck me a hard blow on the back of my right hand with a fore foot, but luckily missed my head which it grazed. Although I was able to finish with him and make him quiet, the General from kindness of heart would not hear of my doing any more work. In fact he said that if he had his way, he would order me off to St. Petersburg on sick leave until I got well again.

Being, as I felt throughout this tour, on trial, I took more chances than I might otherwise have done, and got several nasty kicks. Luckily the horses were not shod.

Before I departed, the General gave me his photograph

(Fig. 36) with many friendly wishes, and wrote on the back of it—

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well."

I must not forget to mention the names of these smart officers, Colonel Tooganof, Colonel Kveezeensky, Baron von der Osten Sakken, Rotmistr Tikhanof, who is fond of hunting and keeps horses and dogs, and Rotmistr Lavrof, who as club caterer ably supplied my creature comforts.

I parted from my kind friends with the best of wishes on both sides, and journeyed on to Borisoglebsk.

CHAPTER XII

BORISOGLEBSK

Borisoglebsk—Churches, Priests and *Ikons*—Russian Baths—Rheumatism—Russian Food—Coffee and Chicory—Kind Reception—Criticism without Experience.

BORISOGLEBSK though not much bigger is a far more busy place than Kirsanof. It has a large export trade in meat, which is of fairly good quality and which costs only from a penny to two pence a pound. There are several factories and of course the inevitable church (Fig. 37). Russian churches are very Oriental in appearance and greatly reminded me of Indian and Egyptian mosques, except that *ikons* (sacred pictures) are an important feature in the Greek ceremonial. No representation of created beings even on coins is allowed by followers of the prophet. Russians believe that their *ikons* are sentient, are capable of performing miracles, and like ladies are rendered happy by the wearing of jewels. Catholics are somewhat of the same way of thinking with respect to their holy images, if I may judge by the story told of the Spanish Madonna who had a famous shrine, and who wore a great number of valuable diamonds and other precious stones. On one occasion there appeared at this shrine a pilgrim who distinguished himself from all the other worshippers by the fervency of his prayers and by the frequency and profundity of his prostrations. Not long after his arrival, the priests of the shrine found to their

dismay one morning that the Madonna had been stripped of the greater part of her jewellery, and suspecting the pilgrim they had him arrested, with the result that the gold and precious stones were found in his possession. When asked for an explanation, he stated in the coolest possible manner that the jewellery belonged to him; because the Madonna on observing his great piety had gratefully presented it to him when no one was looking. As the priests could not deny the plausibility of the defence, they allowed the pilgrim to depart with his gifts, and they made what capital they could out of the miracle, a repetition of which they prevented their Lady from performing, by enclosing the shrine with bars of iron.

The inhabitants of Borisoglebsk, Kirsanof and of other out-of-the-way places are only just beginning to open their mental eyes, and to become aware that they have to take part in the march of progress which Russia has begun. The self-satisfied English globe-trotter is apt to regard the Russian peasant as a savage or at least a barbarian, because the *moujik's* dress is of an Oriental type, and is evidently unacquainted with a clothes brush. But as far as personal cleanliness goes, the Russian is far superior to the British workman, who very seldom gives himself a wash all over. Even the poorest *moujik* gets soaped and scrubbed in his native steam bath at least twice a month, if not once a week. I have often gone to a common *banya* of this kind, paid two pence halfpenny (10 kopecks), and stripped *à la Russe* in a room full of intending bathers. The first time I saw their comparatively white skins, I noted that none of them had missed the last year's outing, as did the historic Scotch factory hand who, by that plea, tried to excuse the dingy colour of his body, when about to take the customary dip in the ocean on his annual holiday and trip to the seaside with his mates. The Russian working classes, both men

and women, carry with them to their bath a clean change of underlinen to be put on after their scrub. A Russian bath is similar to an English Turkish bath, except that there is no extremely hot room, and that a much freer use is made of hot water, which of course gives off a lot of steam.

Russia is a country in which, despite the inclemency

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 37.—Church at Borisoglebsk.

of the climate, there is very little chronic rheumatism or rheumatic gout. In the Northampton village of less than five hundred inhabitants where our home is, I have seen during the course of a day, more cases of "rheumatics" than I have met with in Russia in six months. At Crick, as in many other places in England, rheumatism affecting the joints is an almost constant accompaniment of old age.

The comparative immunity enjoyed by ancient people in Russia, appears to me to be due to the greater cleanliness of their skins, and to a larger consumption of vegetable food. The chief feature of a Russian's midday meal is an enormous bowl, usually of cabbage or beetroot soup, often fortified with other vegetables, such as onions, leeks and carrots. It is the custom to have in each *portion* of soup, a piece of meat—from a quarter to half a pound in weight when uncooked—which has been boiled in it, and which is more or less consumed, according to the hunger of the diner. This *portion* and a liberal supply of black (rye) bread completes the repast of the ordinary Russian man or woman. The well-to-do classes like a preliminary appetiser in the form of a *zakooska* (German, *Imbiss* or *Vorschmak*), which usually consists of an initial glass or two of vodka, and picks at various kinds of *hors d'œuvres*, such as *hareng mariné à la Hollandaise*, slices of tongue, ham and tinned dainties. Then come soup, meat, sweets, coffee and different sorts of wine. The soup, as I have already indicated, is wholesome and tasty. Despite the fact that German cookery has largely influenced that of Russia, it has happily left the soup untainted, and consequently I had not the horror while in that country, of seeing in front of me the *brot suppe* of Schwabenland or the *aal suppe* of Hamburg. I remember with disgust the bread (half-chewed crusts) soup which I had to eat when I was at school centuries ago at Stuttgardt; but filthy as it was, it was better than the eel soup fortified with plums and sugar which I have had thrust under my nose in North Germany. Provincial Russians in the matter of using cold milk with coffee show a want of *savoir vivre*; but there are a few exceptions, as I found when I had the pleasure of dining with General Akhwerdof and Colonel Globa at Borisoglebsk. The cold milk dodge with coffee is also an Africander failing from which I suffered when

sojourning in South Africa. For real enjoyment of the flavour of the Mocha or Ceylon berry when employed with boiled milk, we require an addition of thick fresh cream, that obtained from a separator being the best. The question of milk or no milk is one of quantity; for if only a few sips are needed, there is nothing like *café Turc*, in which I had the pleasure of meeting an old and valued friend at far-off Liski on the Don, when having luncheon with that smart young dragoon, Captain Joltannovsky, who had his cook trained in the Turkish art while he was stationed at Odessa. Taken all round, one certainly gets better coffee (that is, less chicory) in Russia than in England. We owe the curse of chicory chiefly to France; for had that confounded expression, *café noir*, never been uttered, cooks would not have sought to have made a brown fluid black.

The kindness and hospitality which I had received from the officers at Liski, Tambof and Kirsanof, was continued at Borisoglebsk, where I met some very wild young horses, which I made quiet. I was glad to have the opportunity of showing how to make an old refuser jump kindly, which is a form of breaking that demands far more skill and knowledge of horsemanship than mere taming. After having made the animal obedient and clever with the long reins, I of course got up myself; for I naturally did not want the good effect I had produced, to be nullified by a man who would not ride with a long rein and drop his hands, which are two points of fine horsemanship that the Russians have not as yet acquired. At Borisoglebsk, I could get none of the officers to take a practical part in the breaking. They liked to look on and criticise—not altogether unfavourably, I have reason to believe; but they did not seem to understand that practical experience was necessary for intelligent criticism. I was sorry that such nice young fellows had not been differently brought up. Once while waiting

for a train at Kozlof if I remember rightly, I had the pleasure of meeting General Palitzyne who belongs to the Remount Department, not the chief of the cavalry staff. Alluding to my engagement, he said that the Grand Duke had done well by getting Fillis to teach the young officers school riding and me to teach them breaking; but with all his power and desire for advancement, he would be unable to find young officers who would learn.

The officers of whom I saw most at Borisoglebsk were General Akhwerdof, Colonel Globa, Colonel Rambach, Baron von Tisenhausen, Captain Drouvé, A.D.C., Captain Beck-Marmarschef, Captain Medvedof, and Veterinary-Surgeon Piotr Boczkowsky. As Captain Beck-Marmarschef, who was an Armenian, did not know French or German, we managed to exchange ideas fairly well in Arabic and Persian, neither of which languages I can really speak; although I have an intimate knowledge of Urdu, which is an Indian patois of these two tongues. Urdu, the language of the Muhammadans in India, has nearly the same grammar as Hindi, which is spoken by the Hindus of the North-West Provinces and is a patois of Sanscrit. When I was in the Bengal Staff Corps, I passed the high proficiency examinations in Urdu and Hindi at Calcutta, and obtained the Government prize of Rs. 1500 for each of them.

My Polish friend, Boczkowsky (Fig. 38), is an ardent student of animal pathology. I was particularly glad to meet him, as we had many subjects of mutual interest, chiefly about horses, to discuss together. I trust that he will be given a larger sphere than Borisoglebsk for the exercise of his great talent for scientific research.

Borisoglebsk is in the middle of the black soil country, which is immensely rich from an agricultural point of view, as it is covered with a deep layer of vegetable mould (humus), similar to that of the black cotton soil of the Central Provinces

Photo by] [*I. F. Nejelski, Borisoglebsk.*

FIG. 38.—Veterinary-Surgeon Piotr Boczkowsky.

of India. During the wet days of autumn and spring, the ground formed by this soil becomes so heavy and muddy, that pedestrians have much difficulty in traversing it. Hence, during wet weather, the officers at Borisoglebsk and at other brigades in that part of the country, have to stay at home, unless they can get a trap. In these jungly places, the

Photo by] [*L. C. Gorodelzski, Tzarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 39.—Russian self-driving Phaeton.

carriages are of primitive construction and entirely different from the modern type of turn-out which is generally used by well-to-do Russian officers (Fig. 39). One Sunday when I was at the Borisoglebsk mess house (*ofitzérski kloob*), I saw the soldiers of the brigade without any officers, struggling through the mud while they were returning from church.

Having been compelled to go to prayers every Sunday when I was a cadet and officer with European troops, I could not help remarking that this church-going business is managed better in Russia than in England, at least as far as officers are concerned. The priestly office is held by all orthodox Russians in deep veneration; but the ordinary run of "popes" are looked down upon by the higher classes in Russia; although they have great power over the peasantry, who they endeavour to keep in a state of ignorance grosser than their own. By the wise action of Peter the Great in abolishing the office of Patriarch, the Greek Church priests have been kept out of politics, happily for Russia, which has thus been saved from miseries similar to those inflicted on Poland, Italy, Spain, France, and Ireland by the Jesuits. Of all hypocrites, our Protestant priests and clergymen are the worst. They profess to follow the example of St. Paul, who tells us that he made himself "servant unto all," and yet they try their utmost to boss everyone. An odd thing about so-called religious people is that they regard disbelief in their own particular tenets as due to ignorance. This reminds me of the old story of the Irishwoman who brought her priest a present of two very young "Protestant kittens" as she called them. The priest thanked her, but would not accept them, as he was taking no cats just then. A few days afterwards, the woman returned with the same kind of present, and asked if his Reverence would not have a couple of beautiful "Catholic kittens." The priest replied that they were the same kittens which she had called Protestants only a few days before! "Ah! Father," archly retorted the witty Irishwoman, "their eyes are now opened."

CHAPTER XIII

BALAKLEYA

Balakleya—Cordial Welcome—Monotony of Life at the Cadres—Billiards—Captain Ivan Kovalevsky—Champagne Breakfast—Troïkas—Return to St. Petersburg—Russian Soldiers.

ON the 3rd November, I arrived at my last station, Balakleya (Fig. 40), where I was received in the

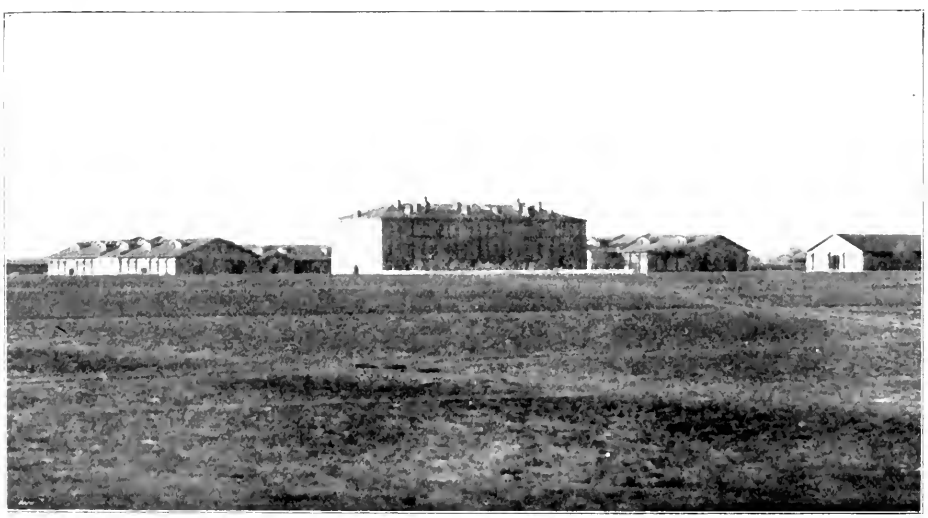

Photo by] *M. H. H.*

FIG. 40.—Balakleya Brigade.

kindest and most hospitable manner. The fact that the officers had heard of my doings at Shandrovka, which is

not very far from Balakleya, may have prepared them to give me an extra cordial welcome, which they certainly did. The only thing I regret during my stay there, is the loss by accident of a photographic negative of my hosts and myself which they had taken with my camera. While developing it, I unfortunately spoiled it. Photography resembles angling; because the best views, like the heaviest fish, are those that escape capture. I was, however, fortunate in getting a photograph of a group of some of my Balakleya friends (Fig. 41). I can easily understand that my visit was, as they told me, a pleasing break in the monotony of the life they were leading. Beyond eating, drinking, sleeping, playing vint and billiards, smoking cigarettes, reading and talking, these officers have no distractions, under which heading their military duty cannot be placed; because they do not occupy themselves practically with horses, and do all their duty on foot. With complete absence of sport on horse or pony back, extremely little with gun or rifle, no gymnasium, no racket court, no cricket pitch, no football ground, not even a lawn-tennis court or croquet lawn to amuse themselves with, it is no wonder that these really nice young fellows seek oblivion, not in drink, but in innocent sleep, after lunch till six or seven in the evening. They are certainly the first inhabitants of a cold or temperate climate that I have seen indulge in this practice, which we all know is common in tropical and semi-tropical countries.

The majority of the officers' clubs at the brigades have billiard tables, 11 feet long, 5½ feet broad, and provided with six pockets as with us. As the pockets are 3 inches wide and the balls 2.6 inches in diameter, it is easy to understand that under these conditions, successful hazard striking is extremely difficult. The Russian game is a kind of pyramids, which was probably imported by Peter the Great from Holland. The balls have different values, which are respect-

ively marked on them, and flukes do not count either way. To eliminate this element of chance, each player before striking has to name the pocket in which he is trying to deposit the ball he is aiming at. My billiard-playing readers

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 41.—Officers at Balakleya.

will understand that the slowness of such a game on such a table is simply appalling, and was recognised by my Balakleya friends when I initiated them into the beauties of the French cannon game (*carambolage*). With such large balls and such small pockets, I knew that it would be no use attempting to

introduce the English game. Besides, in Russia, French fashions are far more popular than English ones. I used to play billiards a good deal when I was in the Service, and have made many a pretty *série* on French tables, especially at Café Paradiso in Alexandria, where I have often had a gamble at *carambolage* and *trictrac*.

In out-of-the-way places in Russia, the post-office people have so few papers to read, that they naturally fill up this literary want by perusing the letters which pass through their hands. Few would object to this solace of official boredom, if the postal authorities were energetic enough to return the letters to their respective envelopes after they were done with, and to forward them on to their legitimate destination. But in that country of *neechévo* and sleeping all the afternoon, such a high degree of smartness cannot be expected from officials. To avoid letters becoming lost in this manner, people writing to or from the interior of Russia often register their letters, which was a mode of protection adopted by my wife when writing to me from England while I was at the cadres. This precaution enabled me to get her epistles intact, until I arrived at Balakleya, where I was handed by the Brigade Adjutant three of her registered letters which had been opened, so he told me, by the General. As he also told me that there was a lady in the station who understood English, but whose acquaintance I had not the honour of making, I hope their perusal amused him. Had I had the pleasure of seeing him, I would have been only too glad to have arranged to have sent him all my old letters, including those from duns; but he did not make his appearance all the time I was at Balakleya. The officers told me that he was very old: over eighty, I believe. They seemed to get on all right without him.

Captain Oznobishin, who put me up, did everything he could to make me comfortable, and Captain André Drossi,

who is the handsome son of a Greek gentleman and Russian lady, ably translated into Russian the discourses I delivered in French about the art of giving horses good manners and mouths. Captain Ivan Kovalevsky, a fine, big, strong fellow who takes a real interest in horses, was as good an assistant to me as I could want. He not only carried out my directions on foot, but also mounted the young horses after I had sobered them down. I have never had a better helper among English officers, colonials, planters, or Boers—and I can't possibly say more in his praise. The officers gave me a champagne breakfast on the forenoon of my departure, drank my health ("*Za vashé sdorovyé*"), and said all sorts of nice things about the pleasure my visit had been to them. Even the soldiers who put my traps into the *troika* that was to take me thirty versts across the steppe to the railway station of Grakovo, wished me a kindly *dosvidaniya* (*au revoir*). I shall always remember my Balakleya friends with very grateful feelings.

The *troika* (Fig. 16) may be said to be the national carriage of Russia. In it, three horses are yoked abreast; the middle one being between shafts, while the outer ones pull from outriggers. The characteristic wooden arch (Russ. *dooga*) which goes over the centre horse's shoulders, is firmly fixed to the ends of the shafts in order to keep them in position. In the ordinary one-horse four-wheeled trap, the use of the *dooga* is supplemented by that of straps which are attached to the shafts and which prevent them from approaching each other. The show-off brigade enact that the centre horse must trot—of course as fast as ever he can; for Russians when out driving love to appear as if they were trying to catch a train—and that the near and off one must canter; the former with the off fore leading, and the latter with the near fore. They say that in this style they are best able to protect themselves from the attacks of wolves which wish to impede

the progress of the *troika en route*. To ensure that the desired fore leg leads, the head of the animal, whether on the near or off side, has to be kept turned outwards by means of a side rein. I need hardly point out to men who know anything about horses, that continued leading at the canter or gallop with one particular fore leg, unduly fatigues the animal and induces premature wear in that member. Consequently, this combined trot and canter style of progression is not adopted in *troikas* that are required for real work. After a horse has been long accustomed to an outside position in a *troika* team, he more or less permanently acquires a one-sided gait, by which an old *troika* animal may often be recognised in a *drojky*. The Russian driver of a *troika* or *drojky* never carries an orthodox whip, but uses instead of it a short dog-whip-looking affair (Russ. *Nagaika*), which he employs only for serious punishment to be inflicted (*pace* Frank Ward) across the erring brute's hind-quarters. For mere stimulation, the one-horse *koocher* depends on pieces of metal which are attached, one on each side, to the reins, so that the horse can be hit with them a little above the stifles. Such a mode of handling the ribbons has no doubt its advantages when the head of the driver is not much higher than the croup or croups of his horse or horses as the case may be; but it is a laughable anachronism when put into practice, as it is often done in Russia, from the box of a modern built carriage.

On arriving at the wayside station of Grakovo, I got into the train for Kharkof, and then journeyed on to St. Petersburg. On my way back, I spent the most of my time regretting that General Strukof had not given me more time at the cadres, as I had begged him to do; and that he had not confined my instruction to the soldiers and non-commissioned officers, who had a practical and not merely a theoretical interest in horse-breaking. Of course he had his reasons.

I brought back with me from the cadres a great admiration for the willing and cheerful manner in which Russian soldiers set about anything they are told to do by their officers, who are certainly physically inferior to their men. In our army, it is the other way about, thanks to the athletic training carried on in our public schools and colleges. Seeing both Tartar and Russian soldiers together in the same cadres, I often asked if the former were as good for military purposes as the latter, and always received the reply that practically there was no difference between the two. Although from personal knowledge I have a very high opinion of the men of our Indian cavalry, Guides, Hyderabad Contingent, and of our Sikh, Goorkha, Rajput and Patan infantry regiments, I would not like to compare them with the Mr. Thomas Atkins who is in India. The young Mr. A. who has had only home service is not such a formidable individual, as his more travelled brother.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CAVALRY OFFICERS' RIDING SCHOOL

"Crabbing"—Making a Refuser jump—An Old Lady's Horse—Passive Resistance—Officers won't learn—Hunting *à la Russe*—General Avscharof and Fillis.

ON arriving at St. Petersburg I called on General Avscharof, as he was in charge of the Cavalry Officers' School, which I had to attend for the next four months; but was not able to see him. On the following day I called on General Strukof, who said nothing one way or the other respecting my tour through the brigades. I had expected some civil words about the hard and dangerous work I had gone through, but did not receive them, although of course he had had reports of all my doings. His reticence did not however prevent him from telling me with great satisfaction that the Grand Duke Nicholas had sold the grey gelding he had bought from me. I made no reply to this piece of news; for I felt that had I done so, I might not have been able to have refrained from saying something uncomplimentary about people who don't know when they have got a good horse. I subsequently learned all about this matter from Fillis, to whom the Grand Duke had given the grey to superintend and exercise after Lüpke had received his dismissal. Fillis told me that the grey came to him in a dreadful state of neglect, and so weak that the animal could hardly keep on his legs when ridden. Under the good management of his new trainer he soon recovered, and was ridden by the Grand Duke on several

long and fatiguing field-days. Fillis informed me that the grey was a remarkably nice horse—big, good-looking, strong, temperate, and such a grand galloper that when on him Fillis could easily give the go-bye to anyone with whom he was riding. About this time, so Fillis told me, General Strukof had a horse—a grey one, if I remember rightly—which he wanted the Grand Duke to buy, and to secure this end, he "crabbed" my importation to His Imperial Highness by saying that the animal's feet were badly formed, and that he was liable to fall down at any time. This condemnation was contrary to Fillis' opinion, and was absolutely unfounded, as I would have been only too glad to have proved. It had the effect, however, of making the Grand Duke sell the grey gelding and buy the other, which Fillis told me was much inferior to my former property. I subsequently learned that the gelding was purchased from the Grand Duke by a colonel in command of one of the Guard regiments, and is doing well. An officer of the Guards who had ridden him agreed in my presence with everything that Fillis had said in praise of the animal. Had I been a Russian, I would probably have been sent off to Siberia!

Whether the "crabbing" of the grey gelding by General Strukof, or the news that I had sold to Colonel Kasnakof a supposed roarer which turned out to be sound in her wind (p. 91), was the cause of the Grand Duke giving me the cold shoulder, I do not know; but the fact remains that on my return from the cadres to St. Petersburg, the information seemed to have been passed round among the officers that I was out of favour with superior authority. Colonel Ismailof would hardly speak to me; General Derfelden would not see me; and all my other acquaintances who had formerly gushed in the effusive manner peculiar to Russians, withdrew the light of their countenance. This treatment in no way annoyed me; for I had more than

enough to occupy my leisure, especially as at that time the materials for two new books were demanding literary escape from my brain with painful insistence. Besides, I had no wish to remain in Russia beyond the period of my engagement. But I wanted above all things to fulfil my part of the contract by conscientious work, and I could not help cherishing the hope of being able to interest the members of the Officers' School in my way of breaking. During the whole of my official stay in Russia, I neither saw the Grand Duke, nor received the slightest intimation that he had deigned to make any inquiries about what I was doing. No doubt he thought that the best way to utilise me, was to hand me over to Generals Strukof and Avscharof to do what they liked with me; but I feel certain that in this he did not consider that my presence at the cadres and at the Officers' School, would be regarded by these Generals as a grave reflection on the efficiency of their respective establishments.

When I first went to the Officers' School, I was told that I would have to wait until the young horses had arrived from the studs. When these animals made their appearance, I was informed that I would not be allowed to break in any of them; because they were all quiet. I was however permitted to demonstrate on a sixteen-year-old trooper which was a confirmed kicker. I represented that according to the instructions I had received (Circular Letter, p. 110), I was to be given young horses; but all to no purpose. My objection to taking this old reprobate in hand was the not unreasonable one, that this animal had been in the school ever since he was a young remount, so it was hopeless for me to attempt to cure him of a vice he had acquired and practised in surroundings to which he would return the moment my lesson was over. Besides, as I pointed out to the Colonel who was immediately under General Avscharof, my ability to break in horses had been fully tested by the Grand Duke before he

gave me the engagement, and, having obtained it, my mission was to teach, and not to furnish fresh proofs of my competence. The Colonel not very loyally replied that the tests enacted by the Grand Duke were nothing to him, and that he wanted to form his own opinion. In my haste I very foolishly offered to make the horse quiet and amenable to discipline in two consecutive hours. The Colonel replied that they could not afford so much time. I then said to him that I did not wish to annoy him or his officers by keeping them looking at what I was doing for a couple of hours, and that I would be glad to take the animal any bye-day which might be convenient. He answered that he would have to consult the General. Next day he told me that he had spoken to the General, who had said that he could not entertain my proposition; because I might employ some secret method unknown to them! Although I wanted to work every day for several hours at a time, the General would let me come only twice a week, and then only for an hour. Even each of these hours was reduced to about thirty-five minutes by delay at beginning, and by eagerness to go away on the part of my class.

Hoping to cover me with confusion, they brought me one afternoon a grey horse which would not jump for any of them. I put the long reins on him, twisted and turned him about, drove him with the long reins over the bar, got up on him, and rode him over the obstacle, which he took kindly and in nice style. Instead of saying, "That's not half bad for an Irishman," or words to that effect, all the officers turned their backs upon me and walked out, evidently wild because I had succeeded in what they had considered a hopeless task. The next time I came, I asked to be permitted to give the grey animal another lesson, so that I might more or less confirm the good effect of the previous one; but the Colonel refused my request, on the plea that the horse belonged to an officer, and therefore I could not have him. By this remark, the

Colonel let the metaphorical cat out of the bag so completely, that I ceased asking him for any more concessions. Had the horse been a trooper, good care would of course have been taken to have brought him back to me a worse refuser than before. But the officer to whom he belonged would naturally object to the benefit of my lesson being nullified, even for the gratification of the Colonel. It goes without saying that the Colonel had full power to prevent the horse being brought to me a second time, even if the owner had desired to do so. For obvious reasons, I was unable to find out who the owner was.

One day I tried to teach my class how to go up to a horse and handle him. After showing a neat method of lifting up an animal's fore leg, I asked one of the officers to follow my example. He shook his head and said that he would not do so, because he would dirty his hands. The next officer also objected on the ground that he was not a groom. When I showed them the best way to open a horse's mouth, they became so disgusted that they all walked out of the *manège*. As I could get no sense out of the young officers and no support from their immediate superiors, I called on General Palitzyne, and told him that it was simply a farce my trying to teach people who would not learn. He merely smiled and said that he hoped I would not mind the child's play (*Kinderspiel* was the word he used while talking to me in German) of these youngsters. After that, I could only let matters slide a bit.

Before coming out to Russia this time, I had my book on horse-breaking translated into French by M. Roubaud for the benefit of my Russian pupils, very few of whom took enough interest in the subject to read this manuscript translation, so I might have spared myself the trouble and expense. M. Roubaud is the editor of Cassell's *French and English Dictionary*, and is a Crimean veteran.

Getting sick of the old kicker, which I found on my bi-weekly visits had been under private instruction in vice, and wishing to teach the officers something really useful, I hired at my own expense from Bosse's *manège* a horse that was one of the most obstinate refusers I had ever seen. Besides, he carried his head right up in the air when being ridden. He was an old horse, and, except for these two vices, he was quiet. Although I purposely refrained from giving him any instruction at Bosse's place, and worked him only on the two days a week I went to the Officers' School, I got him in five or six lessons to jump kindly and well, to bend his neck, and to carry his head in proper position. I need hardly say that my good friend, Herr Bosse, did not allow him to be spoiled during the intervals between the times I had him. The only effect which this good work had on the officers was to make them jeer at the reformed character for being an "old lady's horse." I then had to acknowledge to myself for the first time in my life, that I had met with men whom I had failed to interest in horse-breaking. After this unsuccessful struggle of about three months, I accepted my defeat and took things easily for the remaining thirty days.

All the time I was at the Officers' School, the seniors played the old game of passive resistance, and the young officers remained indignant that they should be obliged to attend my classes, instead of being allowed to go off and amuse themselves. They even sought my sympathy, which I honestly extended to them. They truly represented to me that breaking was a subject in which they had no interest; for their business was to ride well-broken horses, and not to break in young ones. Hence, do what I could, almost all of them viewed my work with indifference, if not with contempt. Two or three of them, when no one was listening, told me that they liked my methods very much, and asked for a loan of my book on breaking or for patterns of my gear, which of

course I was only too happy to give them. But the remainder treated me in a manner that would have given me a very poor opinion of the manners of Russian officers, had my intercourse with them been confined to the members of this riding school. It is a strange fact that wherever I have gone in Europe, Asia or Africa on my own "hook" to teach breaking, I have been well received, have made friends, and my work has been appreciated; but the first and only time I went under Imperial patronage, I got treated as an interloper. Fillis was just as much hated at the Officers' School as I was; but as he had the Grand Duke's personal support, the school authorities had to be civil to him. All I wanted was that those whom I was paid to teach, would take an interest in the work, and would thus further the object for which the Grand Duke had engaged me. When the six months were over, I pocketed my pay, packed up my traps and departed for London without saying good-bye even to General Palitzyne. I was sorry to be obliged to make that omission; but I was afraid the annoyance the school people had caused me, might get the better of the gratitude I felt towards him for having been always courteous to me. I hate brooding over grievances and still more dislike inflicting them on my friends.

While I was at the cadres, I heard that the members of the Officers' School kept a pack of hounds and hunted regularly, so I wrote home for my hunting things and got them out. On making inquiries at the school about this Russian Quorn, I was told by the officers with evident pride that it was a grand affair; that the best of aniseed was employed; and that no one was allowed to go in front of the Colonel, who always took the lead. I did not open that box of hunting things.

During the four months I was in St. Petersburg, my wife, who had come out to join me, and I, saw a good deal of Fillis

and Mrs. Fillis, both of whom were very civil to us. I greatly enjoyed talking horse to him ; because he was full of original information about school riding, which is a subject that is more or less unknown to horsemen in England. I was also glad to avail myself of his kind offer to let me come and see him give his lessons. On these occasions, it was great fun listening to General Avscharof, who kept up a continued fusilade of directions and reproofs to the members of the class, entirely irrespective of Fillis, who, in his turn, paid just as little attention to the General. One day when I was there, the General, without consulting Fillis, ordered the jumping bar to be brought in. When it arrived, Fillis said to me : "He has got the bar in, but he'll have to wait till I let the men jump it." And so the comedy went on, until at last the General got up and walked out of the school in a not very dignified huff. As soon as he had departed, Fillis formed up the ride and proceeded with the jumping lesson.

CHAPTER XV

PETERSBURG IN WINTER

Invitation to New Zealand—Good Losers—Russian Cab Horses—Docking—"Thorley"—Horses drinking Cold Water—Russian Police—Detectives—Beards—Passports—The Censor—Rule of the Road—Swear Words—Marrying Foreigners—St. Petersburg Rag Fair—The Fortress—Russian Photographers—Russian Tea—Courting *à la Russe*—Nae Scotchman—Trotting—Flat Racing—Dalmeny—The Redan.

A FEW days after I returned from the cadres, my wife came out from England and joined me at Petersburg. The first two or three visits to the Officers' School made me determine not to prolong our stay in Russia beyond the end of my six months' engagement. We both longed to be back again among horsemen and good sportsmen, the full benefit of whose society we could not enjoy just then in England; for our balance at the bank was not sufficiently large; and without money, no man can see sport in the Midlands. About that time we received an invitation from Mr. John Stevens of Bulls, Rangitikei, Wellington, New Zealand, to pay him a visit in that colony. While living in Calcutta during the years 1888 to 1891, we saw a great deal of Mr. Stevens, who at that time used to import high-class horses from New Zealand to India. I bought several good animals from him, including that smart steeplechaser, Glaicks, with whom I won some races, and the famous racing pony, Parekaretu. Lovers of horses in India suffered a great loss when Mr. Stevens gave up importing to that country;

because he used to bring over the proper sort, did not invent salt-water pedigrees, and was reasonable in his prices. He was one of the best friends we had in India, and we would go a long way to see him again. But before doing so, it was necessary for me to put my books in order, by writing a new edition of *Riding on the Flat and Across Country*; the present one, and a book on stable-management in England, the plan and many of the details of which were already arranged in my head. My wife also was busy on a bright and interesting review of Russian history, which will soon be published; so we were only too glad to be left to our own devices, as far as social intercourse was concerned. Besides the pleasure of seeing Mr. Stevens and other old Colonial friends again, I was looking forward to importing into England New Zealand and Australian horses of the high-class hunter type, which I knew were badly wanted in The Shires.

On one occasion I casually mentioned to the officers at the school that I intended later on to go to New Zealand and Australia, and hoped to bring back some nice horses with me. "But there are no horses there," said one young subaltern, proud of the world-wide knowledge he had acquired at his college. I pointed out to him that the European cavalry and artillery in India and a large portion of the native cavalry are mounted on Colonial horses; that these animals are the best all-round saddle horses in the world; that I had owned many scores of them; and that several Australian horses had won good races in England. "The English must hate that," chimed in one or two who were listening. "Englishmen," I replied, "have many faults; but they have one very big virtue, namely, that of liking to see the best horse win, no matter what his nationality." And then I went on to explain how well the victories of Gladiateur, Fille de l'Air, Iroquois, Foxhall, Plaisanterie

and many other foreign horses had been received by the British public. All I said was taken with a shrug of the shoulders and an incredulous smile; for Russians, like Frenchmen, do not believe in the existence of a good loser.

The cab horses of Petersburg are largely recruited from the stout ponies of Finland and Sweden (*Finkas* and *Shvédkas*). These animals are of the strong tradesman-cart type, and appear to be mostly of indigenous blood. They vary in height from say 15 hands to 13.2. They are very hardy, sufficiently fast for their purpose, very quiet, and cheap; averaging about £7 or £8 apiece. Figures 42 and 43 respectively give a good idea of the large and small specimens of this breed. From illustrations in this book it will be seen that all the Russian harness horses have long tails, and that the drivers take no precautions to prevent the reins from hanging down about their hind-quarters. Yet, all the time I was in Russia, I never saw or heard of a case of a horse starting kicking from getting a rein under his tail. It goes almost without saying, that the supposed liability of long-tailed horses to this danger, is the great argument advanced in favour of docking harness horses by upholders of this senseless, unnatural and cruel fad. My experience is that docked horses are much more apt to kick than undocked ones, which is a conclusion fully borne out by a consideration of the distribution of the nerves of the part. It is obvious to anyone with the slightest knowledge of anatomy, that the end of a docked tail is far more sensitive to external pressure than the end of an undocked one. Even granting that docking gives rise to no increased sensibility, the fact remains that when a horse gets a rein under his tail, he is unable to retain it there, unless it is closer to the root of his tail than the point of amputation would be. The gross indecency of a short-docked mare, especially at certain seasons, is too disgusting a subject to dwell on. It is

bad enough docking horses which have to spend all their life in a stable; but the cruelty of thus mutilating those that are turned out to grass, and especially brood mares, should be made penal. I am aware that docking, except for valid surgical reasons, is an offence against law; but I also know that the vast majority of the colts and fillies which are

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 42.—Large type of Finnish Pony.

not thoroughbred, are docked in this country. In this land of hypocrites, many legal enactments are passed in order to keep right-minded people quiet, and then these rules are tacitly ignored. Our law being an ass, ought to have more feeling for his first cousin the horse.

The special objection against docking is of course the

fact that it deprives the mutilated one of an efficient protection against the attacks of flies, which are very irritating to horses in the open during summer and autumn evenings. On such occasions it is a pretty sight to see a foal nestling up against its dam, who whisks the flies off her infant with her long tail. Imagine advocates of docking gloating over the misery of a brood mare with a short stumpy tail placed in a similar position!

We may frequently see when long-tailed horses are at grass, that a pair of these animals will stand side by side and head and tail together, so that they may mutually drive off the flies that invade their fore quarters. Except to remove a well-marked "kink" in the tail, I look upon docking as a disfigurement in all cases; but I don't want to support the unassailable argument of cruelty by this mere personal opinion; because there is no disputing about tastes, as the Latin proverb tells us. The cause for the prevalence of docking is the fact that English owners of horses as a great rule are entirely in the hands of their grooms, as far as stable management is concerned. The longer the hair of the tail, mane and forelock is, the more trouble has the groom to keep it clean. Need I say more?

I had always much more pleasure in getting into a *drojky* in St. Petersburg, than into a cab in London; because the *izvozchik* (Russian cabby) does not knock about his animal in the cruel manner generally practised by the London hansom driver, who applies his "Thorley," whenever and wherever he can get the chance. As a great rule, he drives another man's horse with his own whip. To those who are not behind the scenes of horse life in London, I may explain that the name of Thorley, who was the "food for cattle" man, is used by our Metropolitan cabbies to designate the strip of gutta-percha which they frequently employ at the end of their flails, instead of the orthodox lash of whipcord. This

preference is justified, from their point of view, by the fact that the bit of Thorley does not "sing," and that it has a much more stimulating effect on jaded steeds than the ordinary attachment to the end of the thong. In return for the large amount of money which the officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals make out of it, they ought to try and stop the external administration of

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 43.—Small type of Finnish Pony in Sledge.

Thorley. In London at night, when of course the feeblest and most worn-out animals are put into the shafts of cabs, the continual slashing of the whips of hansom drivers is a sound which makes that city hateful to me.

De Simonoff and de Moerder's *Races Chevalines* contains a large amount of information on Russian, Finnish and other northern horses. Prince Nicholas Scherbatov, who takes

great interest in horse-breeding, very kindly gave me a copy of this book, as he knew it would interest me.

Although the Neva is a fairly fast flowing river, it gets rozen over so firmly during winter, that carts, electric trams and other heavy traffic cross it without any mishap. A large business is done in cutting great blocks of ice, and carting them by sledges (Fig. 44) into the town. The fact that these blocks are about two feet six inches thick, shows how intense must be the cold, and how strong must be the ice on the river. Yet with all this cold, often below —20° F., the custom among the St. Petersburg *izvozchiks* is to let their animals drink as much icy cold water as they choose to take, at the various public horse troughs that are distributed throughout the city. There is a caretaker at each of these troughs, who charges a kopeck (a farthing) for the accommodation, and during the winter has frequently to break the ice that forms on the surface of the water every few minutes. The Russian cabbies water their horses irrespective of the time of the year, no matter how hot they may be. In fact, one rarely goes a long drive without their asking leave to assuage the thirst of their ponies. I was always only too happy to grant the desired permission; because I knew that this practice was thoroughly sound. I need not here give my reasons for this belief; because I shall fully discuss the subject in my new book on stable-management in England.

Footpaths of various kinds are constructed over the Neva for winter use. Fig. 45 shows a good specimen of a wooden one with railings on each side.

I admire the Russian police; because they keep order, and apparently are a terror to no one except evil-doers. England is such a delightfully kind country to the wicked, that she receives with open arms and no questions asked, the ruffians of all nations, and gives to her own scamps an

amount of liberty which is extremely detrimental to quiet folk. I read in the Police Reports of this morning's (3rd November 1899) paper, that—"Joseph Walters, a painter, said that about a quarter past twelve on Sunday morning he was crossing Meymott Street, Blackfriars Road, towards a small crowd, when he was knocked down and kicked in the face. He was taken to the hospital, and did not wish to

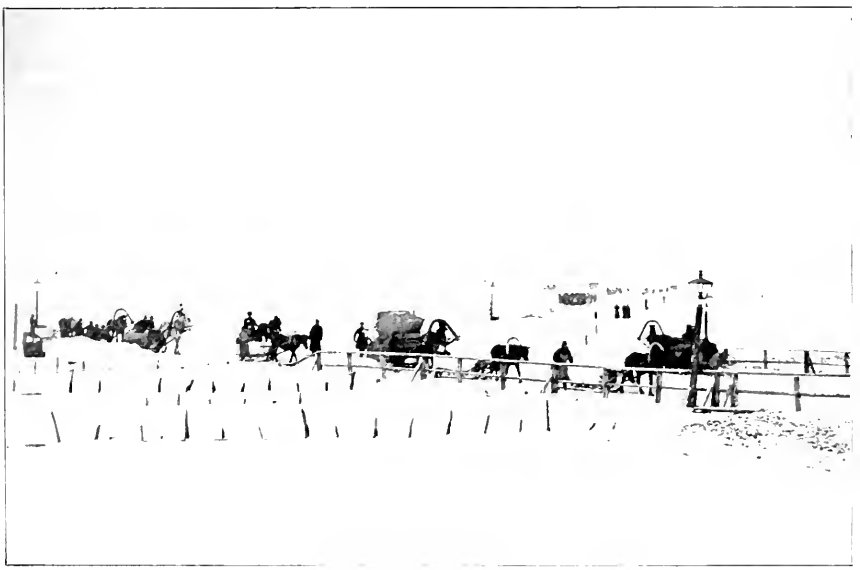

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 44.—Roadways across the Neva in Winter.

give his address, as he was afraid of being further assaulted. He believed prisoner was the man who attacked him. Lovejoy stated that a crowd was surrounding a constable, who was trying to take to the station a man whom the crowd was trying to rescue. Someone in the crowd struck the constable in the neck, and witness rushed up and knocked the man down, and helped the constable for a short distance. When he turned to go home he was knocked down and

kicked in the temple, and became unconscious. Three other men were knocked down and kicked.

"Other evidence was given showing that Meymott Street and the neighbouring thoroughfares are very dangerous.—Mr. Paul Taylor agreed with one witness, who expressed the opinion that more police are needed, and he asked the inspector on duty at the court to inform the authorities of the need for more police. 'This neighbourhood,' said Mr. Paul Taylor, 'is the scene of gross ruffianism. Gangs of roughs knock respectable persons down, and kick them merely for amusement.'—The prisoner was remanded."

Meymott Street, Blackfriars Road, is simply a snakeless Garden of Eden compared to many of the silver rings on some of our racecourses.

English people have I think an exaggerated idea of the zealousness of Russian detectives. In all my wanderings through Muscovy, I never bothered them, and they never troubled me. The story is told of a new English arrival who happening to meet in one of the streets of St. Petersburg a fellow-countryman and old resident, poured out a tale of woe about the infamous way in which his footsteps were dogged by Russian detectives. "Look at that man on the other side of the road," he continued. "He's a detective. He has been following me for the last half-hour. I am going straight back to my hotel, and shall not quit it until I get my passport; and then I shall go by the first train to London." "Nonsense," replied the other. "I'll go over to the fellow and ask him what he wants," and he accordingly did so. The mysterious stranger on being interrogated, explained that taking compassion on the melancholy-looking Englishman, he wished to introduce him for the moderate honorarium of five roubles, to a very handsome young lady, who would be certain to fall in love with him at first sight.

The policeman in the Frontispiece of this book, kindly

stood still and looked to his front for the small sum of five pence (20 kopecks) while I "took" him on a bitterly cold day. We may see that he and his horse (a Government stud-bred) are well protected from the weather. His neck and ears are wrapped in a *bashilik*, which is a specially made camel's hair or woollen "comforter." Peter the Great never brought in a more stupid reform than that of forcing his subjects, entirely against the will of their priests, to have their beards shaved off. Captain John Perry, who was in

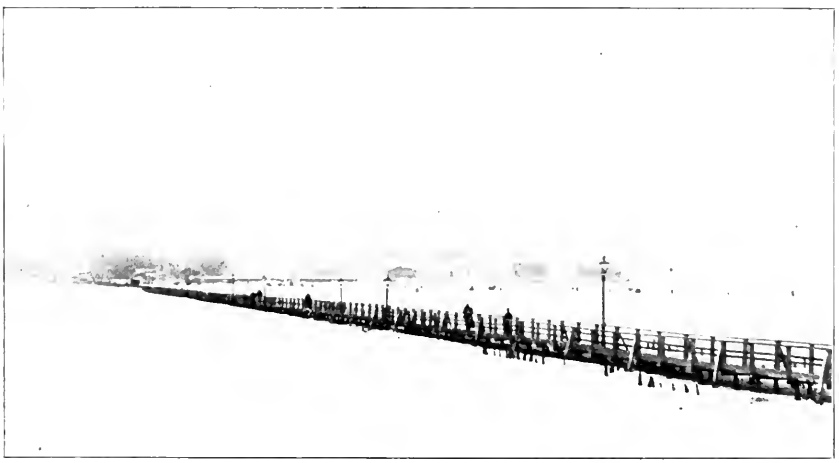

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 45.—Footpath across the Neva in Winter.

Peter's service and who published in 1716 his book, *The State of Russia*, tells us, "that the Russes had a kind of religious Respect and Veneration for their Beards; and so much the more, because they differed herein from Strangers, which was back'd by the Priests, alledging that the holy Men of old had worn their Beards according to the Model of the Picture of their Saints, and which nothing but the absolute Authority of the Czar, and the Terror of having them (in a merry Humour) pull'd out by the Roots, or sometimes taken

so rough off, that some of the skin went with them, could ever have prevailed with the Russes to have parted with their Beards. A great many of my Men that had worn their Beards all their Lives, were now obliged to part with them, amongst which, one of the first that I met with just coming from the Hands of the Barber, was an old Russ Carpenter that had been with me at Camishinka, who was a very good Workman with his Hatchet, and whom I always had a friendship for. I jested a little with him on this occasion, telling him that he was become a young man, and asked him what he had done with his Beard? Upon which he put his hand in his Bosom and pull'd it out, and shew'd it to me; farther telling me, that when he came home, he would lay it up to have it put in his Coffin and buried along with him, that he might be able to give an Account of it to St. Nicholas, when he came to the other world." When Peter died, all the common people started to grow their beards in peace; but the unfortunate soldiers have had to keep them shaved ever since. If the Russians capture India, by which time I sincerely hope to be dead, they will have a lot of trouble in making their Sikh sepoys shave.

The sight, which we may often see in Russia, of one policeman marching off to jail, say, a dozen or two of culprits, without any of them making the slightest attempt to escape, gives the new-comer as deep a veneration for the law of that country, as the natives have for their beards. I have often seen (generally after closing time) three or even four sturdy members of the Metropolitan force fully occupied in removing a young lady from decorous Tottenham Court Road or from the fashionable Haymarket to the lock-up. We may well ask: Is the difference due to the superior persuasive power of the Muscovite bobby, or to the greater pugnacity of Miss Bull? To neither; but to the fact that everyone

in Russia must have a passport, without which no one can stop for more than one night at a strange house, or even at an hotel. Consequently, when an arrest is made, the passport is secured and its owner also. The Russian Government is very merciful, in that it has abolished capital punishment. If it wants to kill a man, it does so by accident, as for instance by sending a troop of Cossacks charging through a lot of factory hands on strike. As regards doing away with the death penalty, I agree with Alphonse Karr, "*que MM. les assassins commencent d'abord par ne plus assassiner.*" By all means string up murderers; but the hiring of a man to kill a woman is a foul disgrace to any country, civilised or barbarous.

During the winter in Petersburg, a large trade is done in flowers that are sent all the way from Nice and other Southern places. The flower shops, which are the most beautiful I have ever seen, are the only ones that make any great display in their windows. The others, as we may see in Fig. 46, are not very imposing. The importance of Russian newspaper enterprise may be judged from the fact that the offices of the *Novoe Vremya*, which is one of the leading newspapers, are in a few small rooms over the shops shown in this illustration. The Censor takes care that the newspapers give expression to Government opinion, not public opinion. Hence, there is little interest taken in the inspired utterances, and the sale of papers is not brisk. The extreme sensitiveness to criticism displayed by Russians amazes me. They dearly love to jeer at others who are not of their exact way of thinking; but they bitterly resent the slightest chaff directed on themselves. The mildest joke against Russian policy made by *Punch*, which no member of an English infants' school would be silly enough to take seriously, gets ruthlessly blacked out by the Censorian Department, before the postman is allowed to deliver the

paper to the address on its cover. Burns showed that he was not a Russian by writing the lines:

> "O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us!"

An occasional course of that excellent mental tonic which is called chaff, would often save Russians from doing idiotic things. For instance, I once saw an officer of one of the Guard regiments performing the not difficult feat of mounted tandem (riding one horse and driving another horse in front of him) in the Bolshaya Morskaya, which I have already said is a very fashionable street in Petersburg. This gentleman evidently wished to *épater les pentes*, to use a favourite expression of his brother officers; for having got to the end of the street, he gravely turned round and made another exhibition of himself. How long he continued to parade up and down the street in this manner, I cannot say; because, not finding the performance amusing, I went away. I cannot imagine an English officer thus making a fool of himself in Piccadilly, or even in Meymott Street, Blackfriars Road. These antics may be appropriate enough for a circus man like Franconi, whose motto was: "*Tant il y aura des pentes, nous vivrons.*"

In Petersburg, the streets are so wide that no reasonable objection can be made against the presence of tramways in them. In Fig. 47 we see what ample room there is for lines of carriages on each side of the tram-line. In Russia, as in America, the rule of the road is the opposite to that in England. Hence, the *izvozchiks* and *koochers* (coachmen) keep to the right of the road. The traffic is divided into slow and fast; the former being supposed to keep close to the right kerb, and to leave the ground to their left free for the drivers of speedy trotters, whose shouts of "*na prava! na prava!*" ("to the right! to the right!") resound all along the street during

the fashionable hours. The rule of keeping to the right is observed by the cavalry of all nations, who are supposed to pass each other, bridle hand to bridle hand. I think that originally the Russian driver never had anyone alongside him on the box-seat, in which case it would matter nothing whether the rule of the road was that of keeping to the left or

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 46.—Shops in the Nevsky.

to the right. The presence of a second person on the box-seat naturally makes it more convenient for the driver to pass approaching traffic on the left than on the right; because he has to be to the right of his companion, so that he may have freedom to use his whip. Being on the right side of the box-seat, he can observe the position of the off-wheel much more accurately than he can that of the near one. Russians, to

be fashionable, must have a European coachman. The one-eyed Notto is the Italian whip, and an excellent one, to H.I.M. the Tzar; and his brother, who I believe began life as a confectioner, drives for the Grand Duke Paul. There are a few English coachmen, among whom Hall figures. Old Etches, who held the ribbons for several years in the service of Prince Galitzin, is a regular John Bull, although he has been away from his native land for more than fifty years. He, like many other emigrants brought up his sons in Russia, and despises them because they are not English—as if it was their fault! Many of the non-Russian coachmen, when out with their master or mistress, confine their duties to those of footman or carriage groom and have a native to drive for them; because they don't know Russian sufficiently well to use the strong language necessary to clear a way for themselves in busy traffic. What that very dreadful "language" is, I haven't the faintest idea; because, while making up my collection of Russian words and phrases for future need, I carefully abstained from learning a single term of abuse. This omission was in no way due to conscientious scruples; but knowing that I would have a good deal to try my temper among the Russians, I thought it safest not to indulge in the swear-words of their language, which I could insure myself from not doing, only by not learning any of them. The owner of the largest horse-shoeing establishment in Petersburg is an Englishman of the name of Moss. Many of these men have committed the folly of marrying Russian women. I am fully aware that a Russian would be equally misguided to marry an Englishwoman. An experience of eighteen years in India, where mixed marriages are as unhappy as they are common, has proved to me that a wise man or prudent woman would abstain from marrying a foreigner. The idea of an Englishwoman marrying a black man and breeding black and tan children, is too repulsive for words.

One of the greatest resources which my wife and I had in Petersburg, was buying curios at the Alexandrovsky Reenok (The Market of Alexander). This place is about midway

FIG. 47.—The Nevsky.

between the Cathedral of St. Isaac and the Warsaw station, and consists of a large number of small and dingy shops which cover an irregular square of ground of about a hundred and fifty yards side. It is in fact a sort of rag fair with all

kinds of odds and ends thrown in. The holders of these shops are mostly Jews and Jewesses, and most of them are reputed to be receivers of stolen property, which of course was no affair of ours. After we had gone there a few times and had paid our footing with sufficient liberality, they received us as friends and showed us many secret hoards of old and valuable porcelain, embroidery, paintings, *ikons*, brass work and other art treasures. My wife gave the name of "The Bull" to one cheery Johnnie, who always laughed whenever he happened, which was often, to drop and break some nice piece of old china he was showing us.

Buying from our Alexandrovsky Reenok friends was like playing a game of poker; for they made their bluff, not from the value of what was in their hand, but from the amount they thought we would "see" them at. They must obtain their goods in a wonderfully cheap market, which we shall never enter. On one occasion, we wanted to buy a frame for a picture, and saw one which contained a beautiful water-colour painting of a Russian girl in national costume. Not daring to regard it closely and thus to show our interest, we waited for the shopman to get a frame of the required size. At last he put his eyes on the water colour and said, "That frame will suit you. You can have it and the picture for a *polteenik*" (half a rouble). Of course they got the best of us now and then; but as both parties were well satisfied, no harm was done. About half of them spoke German, one knew French, and three or four of them had learned English in the East End of London or in New York. We went there almost every day and were always met with pleasant smiles and cries of "*Kaufen Sie, kaufen Sie!*" ("Buy, buy!").

Some of the Russian bronzes are very fine. I bought from "The Bull" a very beautiful statue of a *troika* in which the horses are designed with greater anatomical accuracy than I have ever seen in any other statue, big or little.

The fancy market to which foreigners in St. Petersburg usually go, is the Gostinoi Dvor, the front face of which is in the Nevsky (Fig. 48). It resembles what a cross between Burlington Arcade and Petticoat Lane might be. This illustration gives a good idea of the great width of the

Photo by] [*M. H. H.*

FIG. 48.—View of the Nevsky, with the Admiralty in the distance and the Gostinoi Dvor on the left.

Nevsky, down the middle of which the line of electric lamps runs.

The long drives by the side of the Neva to and from the Officers' School were far from agreeable; for the wind as a rule was bitterly cold, and a *drojky* offers no protection against it. Fig. 49 is the reproduction of a snap-shot which my wife took of me while my friend of Fig. 22 was driving me back from the school one day. The gloomy Fortress,

which contains the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul with its lofty spire, may be seen in the distance across the river. Prince Kropotkine (*Russian and French Prisons*) tells us that "a sensation of horror is felt by the inhabitants of St. Petersburg as they perceive on the other side of the Neva, opposite the Imperial Palace, the grey bastions of the Fortress; and gloomy are their thoughts as the northern wind brings across the river the discordant sound of the Fortress bells, which every hour ring their melancholy tune. Tradition associates the sight and the name of the Fortress with suffering and oppression. Thousands—nay, scores of thousands of people, chiefly Little Russians, died there as they laid the foundations of the bastions on the low, marshy island of Jani-saari. No remembrance of glorious defiance is associated with it; nothing but memories of suffering inflicted upon the foes of autocracy." As the Prince did "time" in the Fortress, he ought to know something about it.

As persons are supposed to get a permit before being allowed to photograph in Russia, I applied to the police for one, and obtained it without any trouble. In fact, so little restriction is put upon this art in that country, that I was not asked on any occasion to produce my permit. Despite the nonsense talked and written about the absence of freedom in Russia, I found that there was singularly little interference with individual liberty, except on points that were of trifling consequence to a private party like myself. Although the Censor blocked out in the newspapers political remarks that were unfavourable to Russia, he left in all the literary matter and sporting intelligence. He was careful that my morals were not corrupted by seditious and irreligious books; but he had no objection to Paul Bourget, George Moore, or even to my witty friend, Frankfort Moore. His *confrère* in the Custom House treated revolvers with flippancy; but regarded typewriters as more dangerous than dynamite.

During this winter I did less photography than I had hoped to do; because the light was extremely bad. In fact, throughout the whole six months I was there this time, the atmosphere was almost constantly filled with a dingy yellow fog that made quick exposures out of the question. That did not matter very much; because I was lucky to meet with

Photo by] [*A. M. H.*

FIG. 49.—Sledging.

two or three admirable photographers in Gorodetzky and von Hahn, both of Tzarskoe Selo, and in Belyavskago of 34 Nevsky, St. Petersburg. These gentlemen supplied me with the photographs of horses of which I was in need. I was very agreeably surprised to find that there were such admirable animal photographers in Russia.

A very safe fluid on which to encounter great cold is undoubtedly tea. One of the few innovations to which my residence in Russia converted me, was the drinking of that beverage *à la Russe*. Everybody in that country labours under the delusion that their tea, coming as it is supposed to do overland in caravans, is the only tea outside of the Celestial Empire which is fit to drink. Eleven years ago my wife and I stayed for about a month at Shanghai, where we ran a horse-breaking class, which everybody joined, and we had a delightful time. While there, I took particular pains to find out all about this caravan fetich. Mr. Ringer and other leading tea merchants assured me that the finest Indian Hill tea was better than any that could be found in China, principally because it was manufactured under skilled English superintendence, and according to the latest scientific methods. The dirty, careless way tea is picked and manufactured in China is simply disgusting, and the inferiority of the product has been the cause of its decline in the English market. Russians follow the Chinese custom of drinking their tea very weak — about four pints of boiling water to a teaspoonful of the leaf. I prefer less water, say, two and a half pints, and think that the Muscovite plan of adding a slice of lemon is much better than our way of using cream or milk. The orthodox Russian custom when drinking tea is to chew a lump of sugar, instead of putting it into the glass (for men) or cup (for ladies). As marriages in Russia are very matter of fact affairs, the swain has seldom an opportunity of examining his future wife beyond running his eye over her. He is therefore careful when asked to tea in the evening, to watch how she treats her lumps of sugar. If she crunches them boldly with her molars, he rests assured that she has no false teeth ; but draws the opposite conclusion, if she merely sucks them. If the young lady owes more to the skill of the dentist than she would wish to

confess, she will generally on such occasions cover the lower part of her face with her handkerchief and pretend to have toothache, which malady could not exist if there were no teeth in her head. It must have been a Russian whom the Scotch lassie of the story married. She was pretty and charming in every way, except that she was slightly lame. On returning to her native country after a few years' absence,

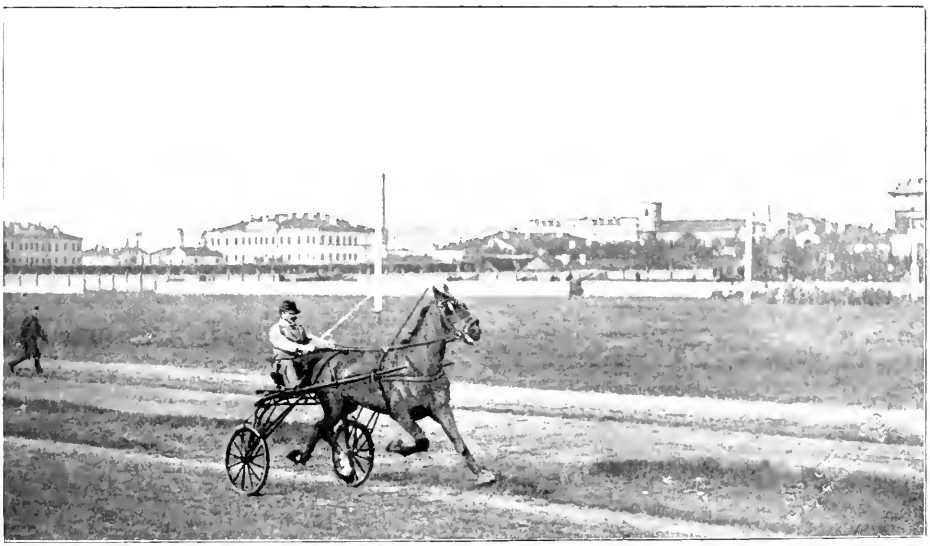

Photo by] [*von Hahn & Co.*

FIG. 50.—The Trotting Ground at the Semenovsky Platz, St. Petersburg.

she met an old lady friend, who seeing that she looked rather sad, asked what was troubling her. She replied that she had married a Scotchman; but unfortunately she had before marriage concealed from him the fact that she had a wooden leg, the discovery of which, after the knot had been tied, made him hate her for want of candour. "He was nae Scotchman!" ejaculated the ancient dame with quite unnecessary vehemence.

Match trotting is greatly patronised by the Russian public, who, in Petersburg, assemble on the stands of the trotting ground of the Semenovsky Platz (Fig. 50) in large crowds, every Sunday and on other occasions throughout the winter to witness the races that are run there. I had so little time to devote to this sport while I was in Russia, that I can't say if it is carried on throughout the summer in other parts of that empire. As the flat and illegitimate game is played on the other side of the river during summer, which is the fashionable off-season, little or no trotting takes place while there is no snow, which is generally frozen pretty hard on its surface during the cold weather. Mr. Manser, the well-known Newmarket trainer, used, I believe, to train in his early days with much success in Russia, and of course saw a good deal of the winter trotting. When he returned to England, he tried very highly the credulity of his Newmarket friends, who implicitly believed the wonderful stories he told them, until one day he happened to speak about races on the ice in Russia. That veracious story was too much for his untravelled listeners, who ever afterwards called him Rom— I mean, a novelist.

The trotting club is a wealthy institution; as its races are well attended, and it draws a commission on the large sums that pass through its pari-mutuels. Mr. Wachter, a German gentleman, wields the club; because, so Starr told me, he is the treasurer. Russian trotting men are bitterly jealous of the American professionals who have settled in their midst, and who make a very fair living out of the game. For this they deserve an immense amount of credit; because Russians are staunch Tories and believe in protected interests. These Americans told me many tales of favouritism, which no doubt the other side would cap with those of guile. Joe Howells, if I remember his name rightly, was once heavily fined by the club for some misdemeanour

committed by his pace-maker. As he could not control the actions of this individual, he preferred to be warned off than to pay up, so he departed for America; because, as he said, "Russia was no country for a white man." This of

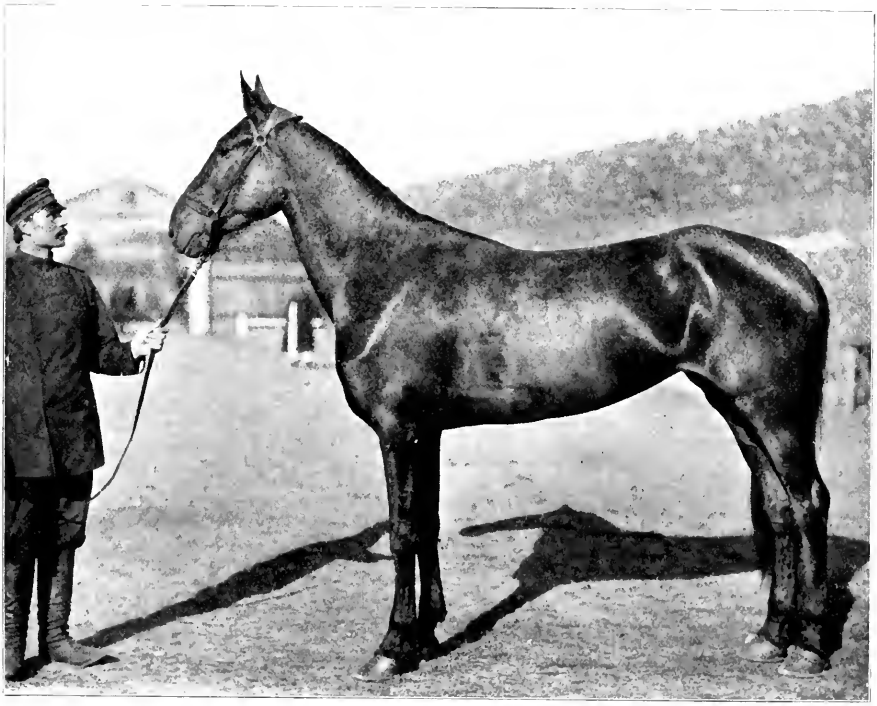

Photo by] [*L. C. Gorodetzky, Tzarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 51.—Russian Match Trotter.

course was far too sweeping a statement; although it might not have been incorrect, had it been restricted to sport.

Almost all the horses that compete at these races have been bred in Russia, and show more or less admixture with American and English blood, as we may see from Figs. 51 and 52. Foreign horses are admitted to very few events during the year, and then only under severe restrictions.

Starr, who is a correspondent to one of the American sporting papers, writes strongly on the subject, and characterises this system of protection as merely encouragement to incompetent Russian drivers.

It gave me great pleasure while I was in Petersburg to meet Mr. Caton, the American trainer; for he is a man full of original ideas, and has had a long and very intimate experience among horses. I was in his company one evening with some other American trotting men, when the subject of hard pulling came under discussion. One man recommended one bit, and another another bit, while I kept waiting for someone to give vent to the idiotic remark that there's a key to every horse's mouth. At last Mr. Caton came to the rescue of my feelings by explaining that pulling was a fault in the brain of the animal and not in its mouth. He gave an instance of a wise horseowner in New York, who, whenever he got a bad puller, straightway sent him off to tram work, which soon taught him the error of his ways. The same thing, I might have chimed in, occurs with London cab horses and Leicestershire hunters. As these animals when at work never know when they are to go home, they soon stop pulling, if they are that way inclined, provided of course that the man on their back rewards their obedience by marks of approval. I can easily understand how Mr. Caton happens to be the best trainer and driver that has ever been in Russia. As no horse can be properly trained, driven or ridden in exactly the same manner as any other horse, it follows that to be a fine horseman one must think for one's self.

The trotting at St. Petersburg is a very slow affair; because all the races are against time, on account of the course being too small to admit of the field being started together or even in heats. Each competitor therefore starts himself by breaking a piece of thin string that is stretched

across the course, and he finishes in the same manner; the times being taken automatically. The length of the course, if I remember rightly, is one verst, which is equal to 3500 English feet (nearly two-thirds of a mile); and the length of the races is one or more versts. Hence, one horse is

Photo by] [*L. C. Gorodetzky, Tzarskoe Selo.*

FIG. 52.—Russian Match Trotter.

usually started at the winning-post in front of the principal stand, the corner of which we may see on the right-hand side of Fig. 50; and another horse, at the winning-post of the small stand, which is half-way round, and which was the place this photograph was taken from. The Russian drivers

and owners as a rule like this time arrangement, because it obviates the disagreeable possibility of their horses being put alongside animals driven by Americans. Poor Fred Archer often excited the same feeling among his opponents. The races, whether trotting or galloping, cause little enthusiasm, and there is not a single evening paper that gives the winners.

Flat racing in Russia is carried on in very poor style. Several waifs and strays of our turf hang on to it, because they cannot get a job anywhere else; and a few good English jockeys, having been lured by false hopes or deceptive representations, find themselves riding in that country—but not for long. All whom I met had the same story of disappointment, and discontent with the uncivil and contemptuous way they were treated by the racing officials, and members of the racing clubs. In England, jockeys are made much of by all classes, and quite right too; because the game they play is one of great responsibility, and demands skill, courage, coolness and readiness of resource under very trying circumstances. In Russia, they are not entitled to wear uniform, and are consequently regarded as *moujiks* (recently emancipated serfs), who have to bow and scrape to every Jack in Office they meet. I was therefore not surprised at reading in a recent issue of *The Sportsman* the following remarks on the illness of H. Madden, who had been riding in Russia:—"The climate in Russia is so much against the English people that during the last four years no fewer than eight young jockeys and trainers have died there, viz., jockeys, W. Kidd, H. Wilson, A. Epps, E. Kitchener, H. Chandler, and the trainers Bray, Gillam, and Heslop. I cannot understand why good jockeys go to Russia at all, when they are needed in other countries, especially a good jockey like H. Madden. I was surprised to learn as a fact that jockeys in Moscow and St. Petersburg rode for the fee of £1 a losing

mount, and £3 for a winner. Racing commences in the middle of May, and finishes in the middle of October—in all, about five months; at the most three days each week, and four races daily for jockeys, the other races being set apart for gentlemen and Russian boys only. Some days the biggest field is four runners, so that most of the jockeys are looking on. What a fortune the jockeys must make in Russia!"

The Russian racing authorities, like the trotting rulers, freely lavish prohibitive restrictions and very oppressive penalties on foreign competitors, although they are more lenient on mares than on entires and geldings. There is a large number of thoroughbreds raised in Russia, but we seldom hear of them winning races outside their own country. I remember when we were living in Newmarket, that Mr. Edwin Martin had in training a big chestnut colt called Perkun, who belonged to Count Krasinski. He started sixteen times in 1884 and 1885, and secured only one race, a five furlong handicap, in which he was lucky to meet a poor class. Perkun could gallop when he liked, but he did not approve of showing off his abilities in public. He deceived even his clever and careful trainer; for shortly before the Goodwood Meeting of 1885, Martin gave him a gallop with Dalmeny, whom he was training for Mr. Morton, with the result that the Russian showed a pair of clean heels to the stout son of Rosebery and Polyglot. That spin naturally made Martin think that Dalmeny could not possibly win the Stewards' Cup for which he was entered; but his honest advice had no influence on the chivalrous Mr. Morton, who was one of those men that prefer to lose money than not to back a favourite horse which has previously done them a good turn. Dalmeny rewarded his owner's devotion by winning the Stewards' Cup at the remunerative odds of 50 to 1. Like many other thoroughly game horses, Dalmeny

would never take the last ounce out of himself, except in a race. No one could have been better served than Mr. Morton was by Dalmeny and Martin.

Life in Petersburg is very uninteresting to persons with Western ideas. A system of mental drill governs all classes. Officials, from Grand Dukes to railway porters, believe in their Heaven-sent superiority, and the rest accept their position of dirt. No ill-clad man or woman is allowed to walk or non-commissioned officer to smoke in any of the principal streets. No one is permitted to sing in the open, and, as my wife remarked to me on hearing the roaring Orlof trotters, horses are the only creatures that can whistle in the streets without getting locked up. School children are put into uniform almost before they can walk, they have all to learn exactly the same things, and are brought up in exactly the same way, with the result that originality is a scarce virtue in that country. Well-to-do Russians go in for physical culture as little as they do for riding, and the two or three gymnastic clubs in Petersburg are patronised almost solely by Germans. The Russian indoor, mollycoddling style of life appears to have a bad effect even on the foreigners that sojourn in that country; for the lads at a German gymnasium I visited were very puny and anæmic representatives of their great Fatherland. If we want to see fine specimens of German manhood, we need only go to the Turnhalle in St. Pancras Road, King's Cross.

I never met with a trace of enmity against the English either among Russian officials or people. While I was at the Brigades, the officers often asked me questions about our army, and especially about the pay, which was the chief subject that interested them. I never heard a disparaging remark from them regarding our men, except from Rotmistr Heppener of Liski, who insisted that our soldiers were mercenaries; because, instead of getting like the Russian

rank and file, three half pence a week and half rations, they were well paid! He being a German and having the hay and corn business in his hands, ought to have been the last to have opened his mouth. On one of these occasions, the officers expressed their unbounded admiration for the steadiness with which the English troops in the attack on the Redan during the Crimean War, marched up to the Russian guns with almost certain death in front of them. They said that our men never wavered or even quickened their pace, while grape and round shot tore lanes through them; but they simply kept closing inwards and marching straight to their front. My hosts drank to the health of our heroes, and I am afraid that their generous words of praise for their enemies made such a strong impression on me, that I did not say half what I ought to have done.

Since I returned from Russia, I have gone nowhere, and have done nothing, except to plod at the books I have in preparation. As I fag at them, I have the great consolation of knowing that a wise man once said that hard writing is easy reading, which I hope mine will be. A book in which I am interested, the Revised Edition of *Modern Polo*, will give me but little trouble, luckily for the book and myself; because the labour falls on the very capable shoulders of Mr. E. D. Miller, the celebrated polo player, who is the author; while I earn my share of the public money by passing the proofs to press. We expect to have it ready in February, so that it may be in good time for next polo season.

When my present literary work is finished, I hope, as I have already said, to enjoy the great pleasure of visiting Australia and New Zealand, where almost everyone owns horses and rides across country. I want to go there to learn more about horses, and trust that while doing so, my Colonial friends will let me show them some useful things

I have picked up in the Old Country and on my travels. After that, I hope to take the road home (Fig. 53).

Photo by] [*A. M. H.*

FIG. 53.—The Road Home.

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